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LETTERS

↘ SALUTATIONS



Cover Girl: 2018 February Pet Of The Month, Giselle Palmer

HAPPY Valentine's Day to all the *Penthouse Letters* readers out there. Of course this romantic, sexy holiday has been corrupted by cheesy Hallmark cards and Hollywood expectations. Here at Penthouse, we believe that V-Day should just be about a night of great food, delicious wine and even tastier sex. What else is there? So, find that person you want to crawl all over, cozy up with this issue, and let the fantasies roll.

Did you have the nastiest Valentine's Day ever? Be sure to tell Penthouse all the dirty details. Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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EDITORIAL

Publisher Penthouse World Media, LLC

Executive Editor Georgia Grace

ART

Creative Director Matt Westphalen

Art Director Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/ INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

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Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue,
Chatsworth, CA 91311
Tel: 310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

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Palm Coast, FL 32142
800-333-2802

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❶ CROWD FUNDING

I really thought I was in for some shit when my boyfriend found out I was fucking his roommate's girlfriend. As it turns out, he was just disappointed that he never had a chance to watch. Not being shy girls, Jane and I agreed that if our boyfriends were cool with us fucking, we should at least let them in on the fun.

Later that evening, Jane dragged two armchairs into the bedroom she shared with Brian and instructed the boys to take a seat. Once they settled, their eyes trained on myself and Jane, we both crawled onto the bed.

Always the dominant one in our play sessions, Jane took the lead. She directed me to the center of the bed facing both men and eased me onto my knees. After Jane was happy with my position, she kneeled behind me. Her hands snaked around to my front, toying with the opening of my satin robe.

With a quick tug of the sash, Jane whipped the robe from my body. Her hand skimmed between my thighs and slipped inside my slit. Stretching her fingers wide, she opened my folds, using her whole hand to massage the sensitive area. The heel of Jane's palm rocked against my clit while her fingers slid over my sex.

Right as my eyes rolled back into my head, Jane upped the ante. The tip of her finger circled my vagina, teasing the sensitive skin around the edge before sinking into my hole. She crooked her finger inside me, seeking out that spongy spot on my wall that always drives me wild.

She located my sweet spot and pressed hard against it, massaging the raging bundle of nerves. My muscles rippled and twitched over her fingers, desperately working to draw her deeper. I could feel her delicate knuckles rubbing my walls, working in tandem with her fingertips to stimulate my body so that I

buzzed with pleasure.

But before I could come apart on Jane's hand, she pulled her fingers from my depths, leaving me empty and wanting. Ignoring my protests, Jane plotted a path from my clit to my cleavage, spreading my juices over my skin along the way. The dampness still lingered on her fingertips when she reached my breasts. She lifted her hand to my mouth, pressing her fingertips to my lips before sliding inside so I could taste my own arousal.

**“HIS GRIP ON MY
HIPS TIGHTENED AS
HE SLAMMED INTO
ME, FUCKING ME SO
HARD I NEARLY
FELL FORWARD.”**

“Mmm,” I hummed. The tangy-sweet taste of my pre-come bloomed in my mouth, making me salivate over Jane's fingers.

“You like that?”

Not wanting to release her fingers from my mouth so I could speak, I nodded my head in agreement.

“Ooh, I know you do, you dirty little slut,” she purred.

Jane slid her free hand along the side of my torso and swooped up to cup my breast. She trapped the nipple between her fingers and gave it a quick pinch while her other hand pumped furiously into my mouth. “Let's show your man Mitch how wet you get for me,” she growled.

Jane moved out from behind me and motioned for Mitch to stand next to the bed. “Go ahead, Mitch,” she murmured.

“Slip those thick fingers between your girlfriend's legs and see how fucking wet I made her get.”

Mitch met my gaze and held it as he swept his fingers between my legs. As Jane said, I was already extremely wet, so Mitch's fingers easily slid across my slit. When he pulled his hand away I could see his fingertips glistening. He rubbed them together as though trying to test their slickness, then he licked his fingers clean.

With a smile, Mitch walked back to his chair, leaving Jane and me to our own devices.

Once Mitch was settled in his seat, Jane pulled me down onto my back and crawled between my open legs. “Let's see if Mitch left any cream for me.”

Jane swept her tongue along the center of my sex, finally giving me the attention I craved. It didn't matter how long Jane lapped at my pussy; she'd never lick me dry. How could she when every flick and tap of her tongue drew more sweet nectar from my body?

Using the very tip of her tongue, Jane plotted a path around my pussy. Around and around she went, licking a path from lip to lip as she circled closer to my hole.

When she finally reached my vagina, pre-come was flowing freely, but not enough for Jane's tastes. Oh no, she wanted to collect every last drop.

Jane opened her mouth wide and plunged her tongue deep into my hole. She sucked me into her mouth and wiggled her tongue inside me, humming her approval as my walls stretched to welcome her.

The gentle vibration created by Jane's murmurs of appreciation buzzed through me. Unable to absorb the feelings of pleasure pulsing through my body, I thrashed beneath her, twisting the sheets in my fingers as I screamed through my release.

When my body finally stilled, Jane crawled from between my legs. A sly smile pulled at the corners of her lips,



leaving no doubt that she thoroughly enjoyed fucking in front of an audience. She kneeled over me and brushed her fingers over my hand, gently caressing the skin before gripping my wrist and pulling me into sitting position. Giving my arm a tug, she urged me forward, making me crawl to her. “My turn,” she said with a smile.

Once I was close enough to flick my tongue over Jane’s clit, she wound her fingers through my hair and pulled my face hard against her mound. “Eat me, Mary,” she growled.

Eager to please, I pressed the flat of my tongue to her clit. The light peach fuzz that dusted her skin tickled my tongue, making my mouth water. I let the liquid spill from my mouth and fall over her flesh. Satisfied that her clit was nice and wet, I swirled my tongue over the bud good and hard.

Jane hissed as she sucked in a breath between her teeth. She tightened her grip on my hair, pulling me hard against her. “That’s right, slut,” she growled. “Show them how hungry you are for me.”

Jane’s dirty words of encouragement rang in my ears. I squeezed my thighs together, trying to calm the steady pulse beating between my legs. Ignoring my

insistent desire to get off, I got to work lapping at Jane’s slit, easing my tongue between her pillow-soft folds. Her thick, generous pussy lips unfurled, forming perfectly to my mouth.

Suddenly Jane’s hips bucked, shoving her hard against me. Then I felt the tip of Brian’s dick tap my chin and I understood why. His fingers brushed my skin as he grabbed his shaft and repositioned it to slip inside Jane.

Once Brian was snugly seated inside Jane he began to work his hips, slowly pumping himself into her. Jane rode his dick and my tongue at the same time. Every hitch of Brian’s hips made Jane move against my mouth, aiding me in my effort to make her come apart.

I followed the rhythm he set, allowing it to guide my tongue’s movements over Jane’s clit. My mouth watered when her hips twitched against me—a telltale sign that Jane was roaring toward an orgasm. I couldn’t wait for her sweet come to fill my mouth, to let her cream coat my tongue and drip down the back of my throat.

I was so focused on Jane’s pleasure that I didn’t feel Mitch come up behind me. His fingers curled into my hips, pulling my ass flush against him so that I

could feel his erection pulsing against my backside. Then he rocked his hips, sliding along the length of my ass crack until my cheeks cradled his shaft.

Mitch continued like that for a while—slowly sliding his dick up and down between my cheeks. I tried not to let his actions distract me, but when the tip of his dick drew closer to my pussy, that became easier said than done. I longed to feel full again. To feel my walls expand and contract around his girth.

Finally, Mitch fulfilled my wish. The tip of his dick eased inside me, urging me to open up. I sighed with relief when Mitch seated himself inside me, sending a hot puff of air over Jane’s mound.

Jane hissed in response. Her fingernails scraped along my scalp as she struggled to maintain her grip on my head. “Don’t. Stop,” she ground out through gritted teeth.

Never one to disappoint, I pressed the flat of my tongue to her clit, undulating over the bud just the way Jane likes it.

“Fuck yes,” she groaned.

Mitch increased his pace, pumping into me so hard my face bumped against Jane, causing my mouth to fall open on a sigh. Taking full advantage, I sucked Jane’s clit inside and closed my lips over

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➤ CLUSTERFUCK

the engorged bud. Keeping Jane trapped between my lips, I flicked my tongue over her, reveling in the little hissing sound she made after every tap.

A scream rumbled deep in my chest. Rather than tamp it down, I used it, allowing the sound to pulse against Jane's clit. In between screams, I continued to work my tongue over her, creating an irresistible combination of suction and subtle vibration.

My mouth coupled with the feel of her boyfriend's cock buried deep inside her proved to be too much for Jane. Her hips bucked hard against my mouth and her fingers fell from my hair on a groan. Still, I kept sucking, intent to draw every last bit of juice out of her.

Damn, did Jane deliver. Hot, sweet liquid spurted from between her thighs, thoroughly soaking me from my chin to my chest.

I pulled away briefly to lick the liquid collecting around my lips. Closing my eyes, I savored the flavor. Now that I'd tasted Jane's pleasure, there was nothing

to stop me from claiming my own.

Mitch appeared to agree. His grip on my hips tightened as he slammed into me, fucking me so hard I nearly fell forward.

Jane reached out to steady me. She placed her hands on my shoulders, providing the extra resistance I needed to withstand Mitch's pounding. With Jane's support, my body relaxed, allowing me to feel the full force of Mitch's thrusts.

Within seconds, my walls began to ripple and twitch around Mitch's shaft, drawing him deeper inside. I tilted my head back on a groan. For a moment, every muscle in my body felt impossibly tight. Then the flat of Mitch's palm landed on my ass with a thwack, instantly relieving the tension.

I came on a scream, sandwiched between both of my partners, secure in the knowledge this wouldn't be the last time we all played together.

—M.L. via email

🕒 CABIN CUDDLE

On New Year's Eve a few years ago, I joined a group of friends for a sleepover in Big Bear. They had rented a cabin near the lake, and while I wasn't really close with any of them—more a peripheral member of the friend group who came to parties—I was grateful for the invite and the chance to get out of Los Angeles.

The cabin was two stories tall with a hot tub outside, a giant fireplace on the ground floor, and several rooms containing bunk beds on the second floor. There was also a lounge on the second floor that was lined with couches and had a big, soft rug in the middle and a smaller fireplace on one wall. It was super-cozy and the perfect place to talk and hang out.

I snagged a top bunk in one of the rooms, took a shot of whiskey for courage, and made my way downstairs for the initial meet-and-greet. There were seven other people there, and we were equally matched gender-wise—three other guys and me, plus four girls. I knew the guys already—Tom, Kent, and Miles—but the girls were new to me, and I was shocked at how pretty they all were. Zoe was a freckled redhead with bodacious curves, Kate was tan and soccer-star athletic, Tricia was blonde and stacked, and Liz had smoldering dark eyes and pouty lips that nearly made me trip over my own feet when I walked into the kitchen. They wore swimsuits in preparation for the hot tub, and let me tell you, that was a sight. My dick took interest, and I had to turn around to hide it, concealing my half-chub behind the counter as I made a new drink.

Kate was good friends with Kent, and the other girls were apparently her roommates. As they giggled and did tequila shooters, I wondered who was going to score a New Year's hookup.



Night fell, and we piled into the hot tub, squeezing in shoulder-to-shoulder. I sat between redheaded Zoe and dark-eyed Liz, my thighs grazing both of theirs. Whenever Zoe shifted in the water, her breast rubbed against my arm. Her nipples were hard, and by the third time it happened, I was pretty sure she was doing it deliberately. The fourth time, she grinned at me, and when I smiled back, her hand landed on my thigh beneath the water.

Everyone else was talking about movies, but I sat frozen, unable to focus on anything but that hand sliding up my leg. Then her fingers drifted over to my waistband and worked inside. She gripped my dick and started jacking it, and I had to bite my lip to keep from groaning. The bubbles were going, but if anyone looked down, they would probably guess what was happening, and for some reason that made it even hotter.

"Do you know how Kent and Kate met?" she asked me, sounding totally casual even though her hand was currently pumping my dick.

I shook my head, struggling not to thrust my hips.

Those pouty lips curved sensuously, and she looked past me. "You tell him, Liz."

Liz smirked and jerked her head toward the other end of the hot tub. "A sex club," she said.

Zoe tugged lightly on my balls, and I jerked uncontrollably. "What?" I asked. When I looked over, Kate was straddling Kent's lap and making out with him, her hips moving sensuously in the water.

"Yeah, they like to get freaky," Liz shrugged. "So do we."

Zoe squeezed the head of my dick, and I couldn't contain a grunt. Fuck, I wanted to come, but there was no way I could in the tub.

Across the tub, Miles grinned at me. His own hand was working under the water, and I realized his fingers must have been deep inside Tricia, because she was sighing and arching her back,



"SHE CLIMBED MILES LIKE A TREE, ROCKING AGAINST HIM AS HE CARRIED HER INSIDE."

her body shifting with that sensual rhythm all women start when they're readying for a fuck. "Wanna join?" Miles asked. "If not, it's cool, but we're getting way more than kisses tonight."

I'd never been in a group sex scenario, but when Liz climbed into my lap, riding one thigh even as Zoe kept jacking me, I was all in. "Hell, yeah."

We left the hot tub soon after, a giggling group of tipsy and horny. I wasn't the only guy with a boner, and Tricia had left her swimsuit bottoms behind in the tub. Her pussy was totally bare, and she climbed Miles like a tree, rocking against him as he carried her inside.

Zoe kissed me with wild enthusiasm, and I have no idea how we managed to make it up the stairs without toppling over. Her lips were plump and soft, and I couldn't wait to feel them wrapped around my dick. The others broke off into groups—Kate and Kent on the couch and Tricia, Miles, and Tom in front of the

fireplace—while Zoe and Liz advanced on me with matching mischievous grins. Zoe made me lie down on the rug, then stripped off my shorts before removing her own swimsuit. Liz joined in, helping Zoe strip while kissing all over the redhead's torso. When Liz sucked one of Zoe's nipples hard, Zoe moaned and reached between Liz's legs.

I started jacking off as I watched them make out and fondle each other. It felt a little weird at first, but everyone else was acting totally uninhibited and unashamed, and I quickly got comfortable with the idea of having sex in front of other people. It helped when Kate started riding Kent only a few feet away, close enough for me to see the wet slide of her pussy over his dick. As Kent fucked up into her, he noticed me gaping and winked. "Happy New Year, bro," he said before returning his attention to her.

Zoe straddled me, rubbing her wet pussy over my erection before leaning down to kiss me. She rubbed against me for a few slippery, mind-numbing strokes, then scooted back and sucked my dick into her mouth. She was a champ, taking me deep and moaning loud enough to make vibrations rocket through me.

Liz stood over me, her feet planted on either side of my shoulders, and as she looked down at me mischievously, I knew what she wanted.

"Sit on my face," I commanded.

She did, kneeling and putting that gorgeous, delicate little pussy

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➤ CLUSTERFUCK

right on top of my mouth. I licked her enthusiastically, sliding one finger inside her, and she ground her clit against my tongue. She groaned. “He’s good, Zoe,” she panted as I ate her out.

As if to reward me, Zoe sucked even harder, sliding her hand up and down my shaft. It was the kind of sloppy, wet BJ that some girls are too embarrassed to do, and it felt so fucking good. I pumped my fingers in and out of Liz’s tight pussy, wanting to get her off quickly. Her thighs tightened around my face, and then she shook, her pussy squeezing my finger in rapid little pulses.

When her orgasm was done, Zoe got off my face and kissed me deep and filthy, licking her own taste off me. Then she grinned evilly. “Tricia, get over here!”

Zoe backed off a bit, which was good, because I was about to blow. As the blonde and stacked Tricia straddled my face, taking her own turn, Zoe and Liz started making out and fingering each other.

One orgasm later, and Tricia staggered back to Miles and Tom,

grinning ear to ear. I was ready for the next rider—I’ve always loved going down on a woman, it’s the best possible thing to be good at—but Liz pulled a condom out of her purse. “Ready?” she asked.

Fuck yes. When I nodded, she rolled the condom over my aching dick, then sat on me. She was tight but so wet she slid down easily. She rode me for a few good strokes, then motioned Zoe over, and I realized I was about to get my wish.

**“HER LIPS WERE
PLUMP AND SOFT,
AND I COULDN’T
WAIT TO FEEL
THEM WRAPPED
AROUND MY DICK.”**

Zoe straddled my face, facing backwards so she could make out with Liz while they both used my body for their pleasure. Her pussy tasted incredible, and she had the kind of curves that could kill a man. I wanted to dive in to that sweet hole and never come out, but Zoe had a hair trigger, and she came way too fast, screaming and shaking on top of my face.

While she recovered, Liz rode my dick with long, leisurely strokes that felt amazing but kept me on the edge, unable to come. Then she tagged out with Zoe. “Fuck her from behind,” Liz demanded. “I want to watch.”

I shifted until Zoe was bent over in front of me, her knees spread wide and her head pillowed on her arms. Her pussy was pink, slick, and perfect, and when I plunged in balls-deep, her muscles clenched hard around me. The girl definitely did her Kegels.

Across the room, Miles and Tom were double-teaming Tricia. She was on her hands and knees between them, sucking Miles’s cock while Tom fucked her. Liz noticed my interest in what they were doing and apparently decided to project-manage the rest of the encounter, because as I plowed into Zoe’s hungry pussy, ramming her deep, she whispered in Miles’s ear.

Miles joined us. He gripped Zoe’s hair and tugged her upright, then rammed his dick into her mouth. It seemed too rough at first, but Zoe loved it. She went out of her mind, moaning and writhing, pushing back on me and clenching those strong inner muscles.

Soon we found a rhythm, and we were knocking her body back and forth like it was air hockey. Each of my thrusts pushed her forward until she was swallowing Miles’s dick, and then I’d tug her back and those lush lips would slide over him and she’d circle the tip with her tongue. Liz laid back on the carpet and watched, masturbating furiously.

It was the best fuck of my life, but I



was quickly losing control. I started thrusting in earnest, and Zoe screamed, although the sound was muffled by the dick in her throat. I came hard, and as the come poured out of me, Zoe orgasmed, too. The shudders rocking her world heightened the end of my own orgasm.

We collapsed in a sweaty heap. “Holy shit,” I said, staring dazedly up at the ceiling. “How’s that for a New Year’s kiss?”

Zoe laughed. “Oh, sweetie, it’s only 8 PM. There’s way more to come.”

She was right.

—B.G., via email

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

There are few things I like in this world more than a big, thick cock. Erect dicks are so sexy. All that soft skin covering hot, hard steel, the little slit

at the tip that beads pre-come, the heavy balls below, the taste of all that delicious, secret skin...I’m a glutton for it, but I can never get enough. My sex drive is extreme, and the guys I’ve been with can never keep up. I’d be fine with a lower-libido partner if I could get some good, stiff dickings on the side, but alas, too many men are the jealous type.

I’m not, though. I don’t mind sharing, and I’d be delighted if someone would share me. I’m an accountant during the day, believe it or not, and the bedroom is the only place I can play a greedy, uninhibited little cock slut. I get off on the idea of a man using every single one of my holes, and the idea of being passed around or taking two dicks at once makes me shiver.

Luckily, I have some kinky friends. One of my long-term friends hosts sex parties at her house, and when not in a relationship, I use them as an opportunity to cut loose. At the last party I attended before my most recent

relationship, I sucked a dick while riding another one, but the ultimate feather in my cock-slut cap—dicks in every hole—remained elusive.

After a breakup, though, I was single and ready to seek out more plentiful dick. I dressed up in stilettos and my best black lace minidress—no underwear or bra beneath—and headed to the party near midnight, hoping to catch some action.

The party was swinging when I arrived. People were making out or fucking in every corner of the expansive backyard, and the rooms inside were filled with people engaged in BDSM scenes and more hardcore displays. I watched a few of the scenes from the doorway, rubbing my aching clit through my dress as I watched other women get railed, but it wasn’t nearly enough. I’d been tied to one dick for months, and I needed variety.

When the deep anal dicking I was watching got boring, I headed out to the

backyard again. There was a firepit in the middle of the landscaped space, and cushions had been laid out in front of it. I grinned as I recognized Nate, a former fuckbuddy, standing beside the fire.

He watched me approach, his gaze running over my body. My nipples were clearly visible beneath the lace, and the barbells piercing them glinted in the light. He was already naked, presumably fresh from some other fucking, and his cock stiffened as I approached.

“You want cock?” he asked without preamble, wrapping his fist around his penis as if he were offering it to me.

Instead of answering, I sank to my knees and opened my mouth wide. I got wet the moment the broad tip of his dick hit my lips, and when he fisted my hair and rammed his erection forward into my throat, my pussy clenched with pleasure. He knew I liked it rough, and we’d established a safe word during previous hookups, so he didn’t pause before fucking my face so hard my eyes



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teared and spit dribbled down my chin. It was absolutely perfect.

He tugged me off his penis and looked down at my smeared makeup and greedy mouth. "Single again, huh?"

I nodded.

"I bet you're hungry. I have a surprise for you, if you're willing."

I was always willing. "Yes, please."

"Then kneel here like a good girl."

He left, and I stayed where I was, kneeling with my hands clasped behind my back like a proper sub. We didn't have a formal dom/sub relationship, but Nate knew what I wanted in the bedroom and was a domineering dreamboat, so when we fucked, we acted the parts.

He came back with four other men, and I started to tremble. What was I about to experience? A few of the guys were clothed, but they soon shed their jeans and shirts and joined him in a buff, nude line in front of me, their stiffening erections taking up all my attention. Five prime dicks, ready and waiting for me.

"One by one," Nate said, and then the first guy stepped forward to shove his cock in my mouth.

He tasted incredible, and I moaned to let him know how much I appreciated the gift he was giving me. After half a minute of thrusting, he passed me to the next guy in line, and it went on like that until I'd sucked each of them, although no one had come inside my mouth. I was panting for more, my pussy wet and aching to be filled, my asshole clenching with the desire to be used.

"She's been a good girl, hasn't she?" Nate asked the others, gripping my hair again. When they all agreed, he guided me back to lean against the pillows in front of the fire. "Good girls get rewards. We'll start with this, and then you're going to get everything you've ever wanted."

My heartbeat sped up, and I sucked in frantic breaths as he started tonguing my pussy. *Everything I wanted* meant a cornucopia of dick, and right now five erect guys were settling in around me.

One supported my torso from behind, massaging my breasts while Nate ate me out, and the others knelt down to stroke curious hands over my body. Nate was wicked, with a pierced tongue, and he worked my clit over until I came with a groan.

Other people had gathered to watch the action, and the knowledge that strangers were about to watch me get used lit a fire in my lower belly. Nate stuffed three fingers inside me, testing the limits of my vagina, and when I gasped at the near-painful surprise of it, the guy holding me shoved his own fingers inside my mouth. I sucked them desperately, loving the hint of what I was about to get as they used me roughly, preparing me for their cocks.

Nate pulled back. Then the guy holding me settled me on top of him cowgirl style. Someone handed him a condom, and he rolled it on that thick dick, then guided me on top of him. He sank in on a deep stroke, stretching me to the limit, and I moaned in pleasure at finally having the first piece of what I wanted.

"I'm going to prepare your ass now," Nate said. The click of a lube cap announced his intentions, and then his hands smoothed between my cheeks, and a lubricated finger pressed slowly inside my ass. I leaned forward to accommodate it, loving how full I already felt with a cock and a finger inside me. I shifted restlessly on the anonymous dick stuffing me full, but he held me in place, making sure Nate had room to play and tease. One finger was followed by two, slowly widening me to accept another penis.

One of the other three guys took out a pocket knife and cut my tight lace dress away from me. I shuddered as he pulled the remnants off, then screamed when he covered my pierced nipple with his mouth and sucked. The tips were sensitive even before I'd pierced them, and the way he tweaked them nearly made me lose my mind. I writhed on the





fingers and dick inside me, my pussy growing even wetter.

"More," I demanded when my body had grown accustomed to the intrusion.

Nate swatted my butt cheek with his free hand. "I decide when you get more," he said, stretching me with a third finger. My eyes nearly rolled back in my head at the pleasure. It was almost too much, too intense, but the feeling of fullness left me aching for even more. I wouldn't be satisfied until I was taking as much dick as possible.

I heard a grunt, the crinkle of a condom, and the lube cap clicking again, and then Nate pushed me forward so I was leaning further on the man still inside my vagina. Nate's thick cock pressed inside my tight asshole an inch at a time, and I screamed at the near-painful penetration. With a dick already in my vagina, I was stuffed full, the sensitive walls of my pussy and ass stretched tight around them. Nate buried himself to the hilt, and then the two of them set a slow, careful rhythm, pumping in and out of me in perfect coordination with each other.

Double penetration was so hot, and my clit dragged against the man's lower belly as they used me, so the need to orgasm built rapidly. When I came, my body shivered and clenched around two massive cocks, allowing them to thrust even harder and deeper.

The third man knelt in front of me and gripped my hair. Before I could even

"MY HEARTBEAT SPED UP, AND I SUCKED IN FRANTIC BREATHS AS HE STARTED TONGUING MY PUSSY."

comprehend how lucky I was about to be, his dick was nudging my lips. I sucked it eagerly, and at this angle, it slid all the way in, bumping the back of my throat. He matched his rhythm to the two men already using me, guiding me in the perfect balance so I was always taking someone as deep as possible.

I couldn't moan, "more" with my mouth full, but Nate must have known anyway, because he gave an order and the final two men knelt on either side of me. While the man with his dick in my throat supported my head and torso, the others grabbed my hands and wrapped them around their lubricated dicks so I could jack them off. I couldn't move, couldn't even balance on my own, but I took everything greedily. Cocks in my pussy, ass, mouth, and both hands—a cum slut's dream. I writhed on those cocks, enjoying the sharp stab of

pleasure-pain deep inside me. I'd never been so overwhelmed, so *used*, and by now dozens of people were watching as the five men took and took.

As my body adjusted, the thrusts grew merciless. Nate and his friends rammed me aggressively, taking everything I was willing to give while I screamed and wept with pleasure around the dick filling my mouth. The man beneath me stiffened and came with a shout, followed quickly by Nate, who slammed deep into my ass before letting go. A rush of salty semen poured down my throat just as warm jets soaked my back and shoulders from the men I was jacking off.

The man I'd first started riding reached between our shaking bodies to rub my clitoris, and it was over. I came so hard I nearly fainted.

When they slipped out of me, I moaned with loss, but then I was wrapped up in the perfect cuddle pile. "You're perfect," Nate whispered, brushing my hair back.

I moaned and kissed him, then grinned, intoxicated by how sore and blissed-out my body felt. I had only one question:

"When can we do it again?"

—T.T., via email

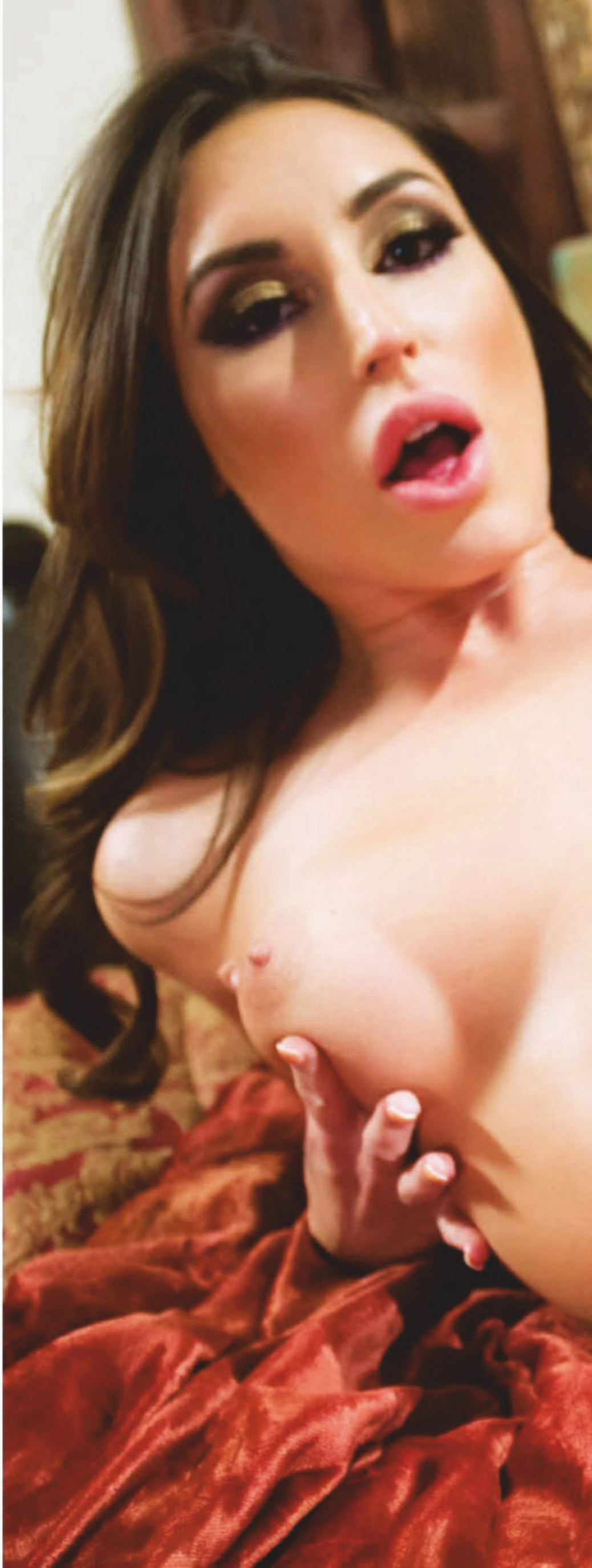
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➤ SERENDIPITY

❶ MUTUAL BENEFITS

I didn't intend to see my former friend with benefits while I was in his hometown. I was just traveling through, after all. A snowstorm changed that. When the airline employee told me they couldn't provide a hotel room, I briefly considered sleeping on the airport floor before remembering that there was one warm bed nearby that could definitely accommodate me.

Not bothering to call, I hopped in a cab and gave the driver Mark's address. Fifteen minutes later I pulled up in front of a small apartment building. Refusing to consider what I would do if Mark wasn't home, I dragged my suitcase up the steps to his apartment and rang the bell.

After a few minutes with no answer, I turned to walk away. That's when the door creaked open behind me.

"Marissa?"

Mark's voice echoed through the hall. Relieved, I turned, ready to explain my

flight situation.

Instead, my mouth turned bone-dry. Mark filled the doorway. A thin towel was loosely draped around his hips and small beads of water glistened on his skin. I decided to say hello with actions rather than words. Clearing the distance between us, I flattened my palms on Mark's abdomen and skimmed them over his torso and pecs, enjoying how the water allowed me to glide over him. His muscles felt exactly as I remembered—strong, tight, and quivering beneath my touch.

"Am I interrupting something?" I asked as I skimmed my lips over his chest, collecting the little water droplets on my tongue.

"Just my shower," he mumbled.

Mark's long, thick fingers curled into my shoulders on a groan. He tugged me into the apartment, slamming the door behind him before tossing me onto the couch. Throwing his towel over his shoulder, Mark stood there in all his naked glory, happily watching me

squirm under his gaze. "I'd ask to what do I owe the pleasure, but I don't really care. You're here and I'm going to dive between those legs of yours and make a meal for myself."

Before I could respond, Mark's body landed on top of mine, pushing me deeper into the couch cushions. I could already feel the space between my legs growing slick, getting good and ready for whatever appendage Mark wished to dip inside.

He shimmied his way down my body, pausing when he reached the waistband of my pants. After planting a soft kiss on my belly, he popped open the button of my jeans and groaned when he saw the bright pink lace of my thong.

"I love your flimsy little panties," he murmured against my mound.

Gripping the waistband of my jeans, Mark gave the material a hard tug, sliding the pants down to my ankles. Then he took a step back, the corners of his lips lifting into a lopsided grin as he admired his handiwork. "I do like seeing you all trussed up and restrained, but I'll need you wide open for what I have planned."

With another tug, Mark freed my legs. Then he crawled back up my body, pausing near my hips a second time. Taking the waistband of my thong between his teeth, he rolled the material down, skimming his callused hands along my legs as he went.

Air cooled my soaking slit, sending chills up my spine. Using his thumbs to part my folds, Mark took a moment to admire my glistening, pink center. "I love how wet you get for me," he said.

Taking hold of my ankles, he hooked my legs over his shoulders and lifted my hips off the sofa. He settled between my thighs, slipping his hands beneath my ass and cupping my cheeks to lift me closer to his lips, holding me so close that I could feel the warm puffs of his breath on my pussy.

Then, finally, the tip of Mark's tongue



breached my slit. He licked me in long, languid strokes, working to part my folds. When liquid arousal began to seep from my core, he sealed his lips around my hole and sucked the juices out.

I groaned, digging my heels into Mark's back to try to quell the spasms already rocking my body. My hips bucked against Mark's mouth, increasing the pressure he applied tenfold.

Then Mark really upped the ante. While he used his lips and tongue to massage my hole, his fingers closed around my clit, giving the engorged bud a light pinch.

"Aaah," I cried out. My back arched, lifting my body even higher.

Miraculously Mark's mouth remained plastered to my pussy. No matter how my body twitched and twisted, he remained firmly attached, using his lips, teeth, and tongue to drive me to oblivion and beyond.

Then Mark started to hum a tune while he tongue-fucked me, adding a delicious buzz better than anything my vibrator ever achieved. Between his tongue wiggling inside me, the gentle purr of his lips over my vulva, and pressure his fingers applied to my clit, I was done for.

My eyes rolled back into my head and I let out a scream that echoed off the walls. All the while Mark kept suckling at my slit, making the overly sensitive skin sing beneath him. It felt as though every other nerve in my body stopped responding to stimulation, allowing the insistent pulse between my legs to completely take over.

When my body stopped shaking and the air returned to my lungs, Mark crawled from between my legs, slowly lowering me back onto the couch. After giving me a moment to get settled, he scooted back between my thighs.

Kneeling before me, Mark scooped my ass up and dragged me up onto his lap. The tip of his dick tapped against my pussy, teasing me.

Desperate to speed things up a bit,



"AIR COOLED MY SOAKING SLIT, SENDING CHILLS UP MY SPINE."

I planted my feet on the couch, lifting my body high enough to impale myself on Mark's cock. Its flared head pressed against me, slowly stretching my vagina and sliding inside.

That still wasn't enough. I wanted Mark hard and fast. Needed it. Taking matters into my own hands, I rocked forward onto my toes and successfully slid the rest of Mark's shaft into my body.

Finally, I felt full. Wanting to savor the moment, I locked my legs around Mark's waist and closed my eyes. I could feel the gentle pulse of his cock inside me, pounding against my walls as he stretched me wide. Feeling Mark between my legs was the closest I

would get to home that evening, which was fine by me.

My eyes fluttered open when I felt Mark's thick, strong fingers curl around my thighs. He held his gaze as he rocked into me, tightening his grip on my legs with every thrust.

It wasn't until Mark was buried to the hilt that I realized I'd been holding my breath. I felt his turgid cock rub hard against my G-spot and suddenly it was like a weight had been lifted off of my chest. Air rushed into my lungs. Gone was the heady, post-orgasmic glow that had me melting into the couch. I'd gotten my second wind and I intended to make it count.

Though Mark had positioned my body so that I had minimal control, he had no idea that I'd taken up belly dancing since we last met. It didn't matter that my body was splayed over the sharp incline of his bended knees; I had the core strength necessary to undulate over him anyway.

I arched my back and rolled my hips, seizing control before Mark had an opportunity to stop me. His thighs tensed beneath mine as he sucked in a breath. When he didn't try to establish his own rhythm, I repeated the move, throwing my whole belly and back into it.

Damn, did he like that. He released

LETTERS

➤ SERENDIPITY

his hold on my thighs with a groan, raising his hands in the air as though in surrender.

Ready to set the pace, I laid my arms at my side, using them to help support my weight as I continued to roll my hips against Mark. Because I kept my ankles locked around his back, I wasn't really riding Mark's cock so much as using my vaginal muscles to massage him, which suited us both just fine.

When a jolt of pleasure rocked my core, I faltered, unable to keep pace while my inner walls rippled and twitched of their own accord. My fingers curled into the couch cushions, struggling to find purchase now that my muscles had turned to mush.

Realizing my turn at the helm was over, Mark resumed control. He leaned over me, caging me in between his arms. Careful to keep his weight off of me, Mark slowly unfolded his legs and slid onto his stomach. Somehow he managed all of this without ever sliding from my depths. His cock remained firmly inside me the entire time.

Then, finally, Mark started to move. He drove into me slowly, working in long, languid thrusts. A few times he pulled himself so far out that only the flared head of his cock remained inside me—just the way I like it. I don't know what it is about feeling like your partner is about to pull out, only to have them ram right back inside, but it drives me wild every time.

Little ripples of pleasure radiated from my core to my limbs. Overcome, I unlocked my ankles and allowed my legs to drop onto the couch, leaving Mark free to move over me however he liked.

Taking full advantage, Mark lowered his body over mine. He rested his weight on his elbows, leaving his face a hair's breadth from my own. For a second I thought he would kiss me, but I should have known better. Instead of a soft brush of Mark's lips over mine, I felt the sharp tug of his teeth dragging over my lower lip, producing my favorite combination: pleasure with a hint of pain.

Next he moved on to my neck. He suckled at the sensitive skin beneath my earlobe and nibbled a path along

my collarbone, all while relentlessly driving his cock inside me. I could already feel the telltale tightness coiling up in my womb, warning that I was seconds from exploding.

I closed my eyes, giving myself over to the sensations rocking my body. My walls rolled over Mark's cock in waves, drawing us both further into the abyss. Then the waves stopped and my pussy clamped down. Hard.

Mark threw his head back with a howl. He buried himself deep inside me and I could feel the first hot spurts of come filling me up. That sent me over the edge. Soon we were both groaning together, landing in a sweaty heap.

We didn't get much sleep that night, but I did enjoy a warm place to stay and a ride to the airport the next morning.

—M.F., via email

🔑 GEORGIA

My high-school girlfriend Elaine was cute and sweet, but the problems in our relationship started when I met her mom.

We both grew up in the same small Eastern Pennsylvania town, but he was from money and I wasn't. While I did drills, he mostly partied. However, whenever possible Craig would include me—especially because lots of the girls see the uniform and get wet, and he could thus score by being “the friend of the cadet.” We had a reasonably decent wingman system (pun intended), which worked out up until senior year when he got serious with what is now his wife.

Mrs. Georgia James.

She was blonde and curvy, with rosy lips, hips to die for, and heaps of Southern charm. The definition of a MILF, and boy, did I want to F.

Elaine never realized how much I wanted to fuck her mom, but she could



tell something was wrong. For me, it was like all other women ceased to exist once I saw Mrs. Georgia James's wicked smile and sultry walk. I fucked Elaine hard in the dark, pretending she was her mother, feeling ashamed even though the fantasy made me come harder than I ever had before.

Elaine and I broke up when I went to college, and I fucked plenty of other girls, but no one ever lived up to the fantasy of Georgia. I liked to imagine her on her knees, sucking me off, or riding me so hard those big tits bounced. Sometimes I fantasized about coming home for break and seducing her. "I need a young stud to keep up with me," she'd say in that sweet Southern accent, and then she'd ride me until my dick exploded and my lungs gave out.

I never saw her in my hometown again, but senior year, I ran into Georgia in the city. She was walking down the street, all swinging hips and honey-colored hair, and when I realized it really was her, I walked straight into a light pole.

She frowned at me. "Chester? Is that you?"

"Mrs. James," I said, struggling to regain my composure. "What a surprise to see you here."

"I have a business meeting," she said. "Oh, that's right, you go to school here." She looked me up and down, and her eyes widened a little at the sight of my newly defined pecs and arms. I'd taken up crew during freshman year and was now built like an athlete.

"Yes, ma'am, I do."

Her smile tilted into that wicked angle I knew so well. "As polite as ever, I see."

This was my one chance to live out my greatest sexual fantasy, so I mustered up my courage, winked, and said, "I always aim to please the ladies."

She looked taken aback, but only for a moment. Then she smirked and stepped closer. "Is that so? What a kind young gentleman."

She was only a foot away from me,



"GEORGIA JAMES, SEXIEST MILF ALIVE, OFFICIALLY WANTED MY DICK."

close enough that I could see down her silky top. Her bra was pink with ribbons, and the sight of all that creamy skin plumped up by it got me hard. When I looked into her eyes again, I knew she could tell where my thoughts had gone. Her manicured hand rested on my chest, and then she trailed her nails down my shirt front to my belt buckle, lingering there.

"You're all grown up," she said, briefly dipping her fingers low enough to brush against my denim-covered dick. "What a delightful surprise."

My dream was coming true: Mrs. Georgia James had just touched my penis. "I am, ma'am," I said, "and I'd be delighted to show you exactly how grown-up I am."

She pulled out one of her business cards and scribbled something on it. #203. "My hotel room," she said,

passing it to me with a wink. "Be there at eight."

As I watched her saunter off, those wide hips swishing, I nearly whooped with joy. Georgia James, sexiest MILF alive, officially wanted my dick.

I spent the rest of the afternoon stressing out. What was I supposed to wear? Should I bring anything? If this had been high school and I'd still been courting Elaine, I would have shown up with flowers for the house. Was there etiquette when it came to fucking your ex's mom?

In the end, I put on blue jeans and a button-up shirt and brought a bouquet of daisies. Maybe flowers were overkill, but there was no way I was going to mess this up.

I knocked on her hotel-room door exactly at eight, and it opened to reveal her dressed in a white robe. She tugged me into her room, laughing when she noticed the flowers.

"That's unnecessary, but thank you, Chester." She looked around the room. "Unfortunately, I don't think I have anywhere to put them."

Well, shit, flowers were a dumb choice. I ended up filling her ice bucket in the sink and stuffed the flowers in it, then turned around, anxious to get the party started.

While I'd been tending to the flowers, she'd stripped off her white robe and now stood in a pink bra-and-panties set. Her breasts nearly spilled out of the ribbon-

LETTERS

↘ SERENDIPITY

edged cups, and she cocked her hip like a woman confident in her body. I gaped, taking in all those soft curves. “I’m a lucky man,” I said at last. “You look amazing.”

“I know,” she said, flipping her hair over her shoulder with a grin. “Now get over here and show me what that muscular young body can do.”

She didn’t have to tell me twice. I crossed to her, picking her up off the ground as I kissed her. She squeaked, then wrapped her legs around my waist, grinding against me as I carried her to bed. I tossed her down, then stripped off my clothing as fast as possible.

She sat up to run her fingers over my abs. “You look good enough to eat.” Her hand trailed lower, reaching my erect dick. She wrapped her fingers around it and stroked, then lowered her head and slid her lips over the tip. She took it deep, sliding her mouth up and down like a pro while her hand fondled my testicles.

“Holy shit,” I said.

She drew back to frown up at me. “Language, young man.”

“I apologize, ma’am. Your mouth is getting the best of my manners.”

She laughed. “I’m just kidding.” Then she set back in, working me over.

She drew back to suck her finger, then reached behind my testicles. I tensed when her finger brushed my asshole.

“Never had a woman rub your prostate before?” she asked. “Oh, honey, let me show you how to live.”

I tried to relax as that wet finger circled my ass. Then she pushed in, and it was a weird feeling, but her finger was small and delicate, and it wasn’t painful. A few inches in, she crooked that finger

**“I ATE HER OUT
ENTHUSIASTICALLY,
LICKING DEEP
INSIDE THAT WET,
DECADENT PUSSY.”**

forward, and I damn near lost my mind.

“Sweet baby Jesus,” I said as she caressed a spot inside me. “Holy hell.”

She kept gently prodding inside my ass as she returned to sucking my dick. I was so keyed up, I started thrusting into her mouth, about to lose control. She moaned around my dick and reached down to finger herself.

I refused to humiliate myself by coming before she did, so I pulled back. Her finger slid out of me, and her mouth released my erection with a soft popping sound. “Delicious,” she said.

I stripped off her pink panties and bra and pushed her back down on the bed, then joined her. After a few long, sensuous kisses, I started working my way down her body, kissing all that soft skin. Her nipples were big and rosy, and she squirmed when I sucked on them hard. Her perfectly manicured nails sank into my hair as she guided me the rest of the way down to her pussy. Holy hell, older women were sexy. No timidity, no questions—just a hot-as-fuck cougar who knew what she wanted.

I ate her out enthusiastically, licking deep inside that wet, decadent pussy. She was drenched for me, and I worked two, then three fingers into her body, pumping them in and out slowly as I nuzzled her clitoris. Her thighs squeezed around my ears, and when I looked up, she was arching her back, sticking those big, beautiful breasts into the air.

I dipped further back and licked her asshole, and she gasped. Since she liked that, I toyed with her anus with a finger while licking through her cunt. She shivered and moaned, and then her thighs clamped hard around me as she shook through an orgasm.

“Oh, my word,” she said as she came down from the high. “That was good.”

“We aren’t done yet,” I said. My cock was almost painfully hard, and I stroked a hand over it before retrieving a condom from my discarded jeans. I rolled it on while she watched, propped



up on her elbows, and then I leaned forward and picked her up.

She squealed in surprise as I'd hoped, then wrapped her legs around me. Her wet cunt pressed against my cock, and her hand dipped between our bodies to maneuver the tip inside. Once she'd positioned me, I bent my knees and thrust up, jerking her body down at the same time.

She made a low, guttural sound and clawed my shoulders. "More," she demanded.

My thighs burning, I gave my dick to her over and over again, bouncing her roughly. It was a hard position to maintain, requiring strength and balance, which was exactly why I'd chosen it. She wouldn't be used to men her age carrying her around like this, which meant this college guy could give her something no one else could.

As she moaned and tightened her legs around me, I walked her back toward the wall. When her shoulders hit it, her eyes fluttered closed, and I knew she loved this kind of primal domination. I gripped her plump ass and started bucking hard, fucking her a few inches up the wall on every stroke. Her hair tangled as she thrashed her head, and her eyes were squeezed shut in pleasure.

I was ready to come, but she had at least one orgasm left in her, so after fucking her against the wall until my legs started shaking, I carried her to the bed and tipped her back. She was lying down with her legs on either side of my hips while I stood at the side of the bed, still buried inside her. I fucked into her, using those luscious hips for leverage. Once she was moaning loudly on every stroke, I reached forward and rubbed her clitoris hard and fast. She came with a scream, and the feel of that strong pussy clenching around me over and over again sent me over the edge. Come poured out of me in hot spurts, filling up the condom.

I collapsed over her, still pumping. She



sifted her nails through my hair, looking drunk on the pleasure I'd given her. "Now, that was an experience," she slurred.

I grinned. "One benefit of fucking a younger man—this experience is far from over."

—C.N., via email

WICKED WORDS

I was in a bookstore, and a name leapt off the cover of a paperback at me. Beth Randall. I stopped dead. I'd known a Beth Randall. She'd been in a creative writing class in college. I'd had a wild crush on her at the time but had never gotten up the courage to ask her out. Though beautiful, she'd also been quiet, even mousy.

I picked up the book and flipped to the back page. There was an author's photo there. Sure enough, it was the Beth I knew, a couple years older but still a ravishing beauty.

I bought the book, of course. I hadn't pursued writing, but Beth obviously had. I was happy for her success. That evening I eagerly started reading her novel.

Old memories plucked at me before I even finished the first pages. Beth's quiet manner had always seemed to mask some deeper wildness in her. I'd thought that inside that girl had been a crouching jungle cat, waiting to spring.

Or maybe I'd just been imagining all that. Still, I wished I'd at least made a

move on her back then. Nothing was worse than regret, after all.

But I read on into her book, still stunned that someone I knew was a bona fide published writer. Quickly I started to get into the story. It was a drama with more than a little romance in it.

The main character was a shy college student named Randi Bethel. She had big dreams of becoming a famous author.

She was also crushing hard on a fellow student in her writing class. He went by the name of Tim Johnson. Wait a minute...

Randi Bethel was obviously Beth Randall. But if you flipped the guy's name, you could come up with Jim Thomson. Which was my name.

Had Beth had the hots for me back in school? Just how autobiographical was this book? I read on, needing to know.

The book was good. Beth had always seemed to have talent, but to see it fully realized was very exciting. I hoped she was making lots of money off this novel.

In the story the two protagonists, Randi and Tim, circled each other for a while, neither sure if the other liked them. About midway through they finally got together. They'd studied together, and that led to a date, and a few more dates led to sex.

And, whoa...Beth had not held back when she'd wrote the sex scene. It was blazing-hot and very explicit. But because it was about characters the reader would already care about, it still

LETTERS

↘ SERENDIPITY

**“LICKING HER
DEEPER AND
HARDER, HER
TASTE FILLED
MY MOUTH.”**

read like literature.

But in my mind it was me and Beth, rolling around on a bed, our naked bodies entangled. I touched her heaving breasts, she groped my ass. I put my mouth to her pussy, and she sucked my cock down to my balls.

When the two characters fucked, it was like I was reading a description of me pounding Beth's pussy. The detail was fantastic. She went step by step through the torrid love scene. If she was trying to turn on her readers, she'd sure succeeded with me. I had a wicked hard-on by the end. I stopped just short of jerking myself off. I wanted to keep on reading, hoping for more erotic scenes but also needing to know how the story ended.

I read until one in the morning, finally finishing the book. The ending was very satisfying. There'd also been two more lovemaking scenes which had aroused the hell out of me.

The experience left me restless. I got on the internet and looked up Beth Randall, hoping she had an author's website. She did. I gazed a long moment at her photo, studying that lovely face. Had she wanted me back in school? Had we each been crushing on the other and done nothing about it? Or maybe she'd just made the whole story up.

I could send her an email, like she encouraged any fans to do. I hesitated, then gave myself a mental kick. I'd been



a coward once. I wasn't going to be one now.

I wrote her a letter, congratulating her on her book and asking politely if she remembered me from college. Then I went and grabbed a beer. When I was halfway through it, my email pinged. It was a reply from Beth in the middle of the night.

I'd just been immersed in this woman's words. Now here were more of them. She gushed with happiness to hear from me. She was on a book tour. I saw from her itinerary that she'd be within driving distance four days from now. I wrote back and said I'd come see her. She was overjoyed by the idea.

Over the intervening days I reread the hot parts of her novel and fantasized like crazy about her. On the day I drove up and sat with the crowd in a bookstore as she read excerpts and answered questions.

Afterward, she yanked me aside and threw her arms around me.

“Jim! I spotted you in the audience. It was all I could do not to go running to you!”

“You look beautiful, Beth.” She did. I was dazzled—and totally turned on.

People were still trying to ask her questions. She smiled, then we ducked out together. Her publisher had put her

up at a nearby motel. We went there.

“When I saw your letter and knew you'd read the book, I blushed like a schoolgirl,” she said in her room. “It's not hard to figure out who I was writing about.” She seemed nervous.

I was, too. But I went and said it: “I had a crush on you the whole time. I wanted you so bad it hurt.”

With that she came to me. All the preliminaries melted away. She was in my arms, and our lips came together, the kiss easy and natural. I pulled her tighter. Her mouth opened and I slid my tongue inside, probing hers.

She pushed her body on mine, jamming her breasts against me. I ground my swelling crotch on hers. Excitement raised goose flesh on my arms, my thighs.

She broke the kiss and led me to the motel bed. We quickly stripped out of our clothes. Her tits were glorious and her pussy gleamed with eager wetness.

We lay down together and resumed kissing. My tongue delved, slow and searching. I felt her breath quickening. I touched her breast, playing with the swollen nipple. She moaned into my mouth.

I started kissing my way down her throat. I paused at her tits and nibbled

those lush nips. Then I licked a path down her abdomen. She spread her legs, then closed them over my shoulders as I lay down between them. My face hovered over her pussy.

I breathed in her scent. Finally, I grazed her with my tongue, tracing her pussy lips. She groaned with pleasure. I parted her folds with two fingers and drilled my tongue tip into her. Licking her deeper and harder, her taste filled my mouth. I slipped my other hand under her ass, letting my fingertip brush her buttocks. I didn't know if she'd like it, so I did it tentatively. It was something the two characters did in the book.

"Yes!" she cried out. "Finger my ass while you eat my pussy!"

I did just that, sliding my finger in up to the first knuckle. Her dark passage gripped me sensually. I tongued her swollen clit until it was throbbing. She pumped her hips and with another high cry came in my mouth. I swallowed her juice.

When I came up for air, she got me on my back and scrambled down between my legs. I lifted my head to watch her mouth engulf my cock all in one epic lunge. She deep-throated me to my balls. I growled with pleasure.

Like someone starved for cock, she raised and dropped her mouth on me. I saw how her cheeks were caved in and felt the tight suction she was working. I even felt it when she took my fat cockhead into her throat.

When I was about halfway to coming, she pulled her mouth reluctantly away and climbed up my body. She straddled me and slotted my spit-shiny cock up into her streaming pussy. With a look of ecstasy on her gorgeous face, she lowered herself onto me.

"I've dreamed of this cock..." she purred. She started rocking slowly on me.

I reached up to fondle her tits. As real as all this felt, there was still something dreamy about it, like I'd fallen into her novel and was living it. I could almost see

her wicked words swirling around us.

She began bucking harder atop me. Her hips moved with forceful jerks. I met her movements, pumping up into her. The pleasure rose and rose. Her teeth bared. Her eyes rolled back into her head.

When she let out a yowling cry, I felt the orgasmic spasming of her pussy. She clenched me, then after hitting her peak released me.

She started to slide limply to the side. I caught her and eased her onto her back, never pulling out of her. When I was on top, I began with slow strokes, letting her come back from her climactic haze.

She grinned up at me, and in her eyes I saw the same wonder I felt. It was incredible that we were doing this after so long. I had regretted not asking her out back then. Now that regret was canceled. Because of the words she'd written, we now had this fantastic moment.

I sank my cock deep into her, wanting to touch her at her innermost places. Out there in the world her book was being read by countless strangers. She'd said sales were good. That meant thousands of people reading in explicit

detail about the sex I was now having with this amazing woman.

The idea didn't bother me. As the full realization landed, I kicked into a higher gear and fucked her all the harder.

She writhed beneath me now. She thrust her hips up at me. There was heat on her face as she reached up and dug her fingernails into my shoulders. I pounded her pussy, making the bed bounce underneath us.

I came in a spewing fury. She was right with me, wriggling with passion, thundering through her third come.

Afterward, we nuzzled. I had the chance to really tell her how much I'd enjoyed her novel and how proud I was of her.

She smiled. "Let me tell you about my idea for a sequel..."

– J.T. via email

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IN THE COURTYARD

A seemingly innocent date to the horror convention turns into the best sex of this thrill seeker's life.

By Justice Black

The convention was the perfect place for the likes of us. Two horror junkies who could hold entire conversations based on movie dialogue.

He grabbed my hand and squeezed. "Excited?"

"Always," I said.

"What?" The wind blew his hair back as we hurried across the courtyard toward the hotel. It was the first really cold day of the year.

"Always, when I'm with you," I said. And I meant it.

He stopped and tugged me closer. "Really?"

"Duh. Really."

He pushed me back against a brick column. It was cold. I could feel the chill seeping through my light jacket.

Jace kissed me and I felt a quickening in my stomach and my pussy.

"But I mean, like, excited?" He pushed his hand inside my jacket and then down into my crushed-velvet leggings.

I hummed softly. I was eager to get inside but not very eager to stop the current chain of events. That quickening turned into a full-blown pulse in my cunt.

His fingers parted my nether lips, stroked, and slid effortlessly inside me. Then, drawing out my own wetness, he painted it over my pounding clit.

I'd gone from excited to meeting celebrities to excited for him to fuck me in a heartbeat.

"Maybe we should do something to blow off some excess energy before we go inside," he murmured against my ear.

I glanced around. Given the huge number of cars in the parking lot it was surprising that there was no one to be seen in the courtyard.

"Did we come in the back way?" I

whispered.

"I could come in the back way," he said. I snorted and swatted his arm.

His finger plunged back inside me and I forgot to scold him. He added a second finger, and I found myself moaning, clutching his biceps with eager fingers.

Jace curled his fingers against my G-spot. "I know where your good spots are, Holly," he said, then he nibbled on my neck.

The sensation of his teeth on my skin

"I LICKED MY OWN JUICES OFF MY LIPS AND THEN HE KISSED ME AGAIN."

made me even hornier. I pushed against his hand, wanting to get off, but wanting him inside me, too. It was ridiculous how easily we worked each other up, even after all these years.

His fingers stroked across my clit again. It pounded beneath his touch as I tried to catch my breath.

Then a gaggle of laughing people approached and Jace didn't pull his hand out as anticipated. He moved closer, his hand inside my pants, our jackets shielding us. He worked me with his fingers, not stopping, even as they got closer.

"They can't see, love," he said against my neck. "Don't worry. They only see me kissing you."

He did kiss me then. His soft lips were warm against mine. His tongue darted out to collide with my own. He deepened the kiss, his fingers buried deep inside me, his thumb pressing perfectly against my tender clit.

Another line of people drew near, laughing, carrying on, being loud and excited. I gasped, so fucking close. On the razor's edge of coming. I worried my lower lips with my teeth.

Jace kissed my neck, nipping me with his sharp teeth once more.

"I want to fuck you so bad. But there seems to be a parade of people. Consider this the appetizer, Holly. At some point today, I'm going to fuck you, horror convention or no horror convention."

He kissed me again and his fingers worked me. I fell down into the orgasm, shuddering under his touch, his mouth pressed against mine so he could swallow down my cries.

He pulled his fingers out of my pussy and then traced one across my lower lips. I licked my own juices off my lips and then he kissed me again.

I put myself back together even as he whispered in my ear. "Soon..."

Jace saw his chance in the movie room. They were running a litany of zombie movies. However, they were also competing with some great panels on the top floor. We walked in, looking for some respite from the crowds. Maybe just a place to sit. What we found was a dark room with flickering lights, lines of empty chairs, and no one manning the projector.

"Busy," I said, giggling.



"I think what we have here is what I like to call a primo opportunity." Jace grabbed my chair and yanked it toward him to cover the four-inch gap. He put his hand on my thigh and squeezed. "Hey there, sexy horror fan. Do you come often?"

I snorted. "Come *here* often or come often?"

"Yes," he said, nuzzling my neck. His tongue was hot on my skin and I shivered. My nipples spiked against the soft satin of my bra and my stomach felt like I was in freefall.

"I do come often, thanks to this guy I know."

"He sounds like a prince."

Jace stroked the cleft of my pussy through my pants. I found myself positively soaked in a matter of moments despite the shuffling dead portrayed onscreen.

"He is." I sighed softly and then went on. "As for coming *here* often, just once is far, but I'm hopeful."

"Mmm, me too." Jace glanced around. "See that little spot right there back behind the projector?"

I had to stare—hard—to even see a hint of what he was talking about. Finally, I saw it. A patch of darker black in the darkness. "Sorta," I said.

"Good. Go back there."

I stood and glanced once more at the door to the room. Out in the hallway was the murmur of people, the dull sounds of a crowd, occasional laughter. In here were nothing but zombie moans, the tick of the film, and us.

I went back and found that what he's pointed to, was indeed, a small recess in the wall. Probably where a podium was stored or stacks of chairs. I stood in the gap and looked out at the room. Most likely no one would see us back here even if they came in.

He stepped close. "Good?"

I nodded. "Yes."

He worked his fingers into my waistband and pushed my leggings down slowly, torturing me. "Admit it," he said, kissing me. "The idea of maybe, just maybe, getting caught turns you on. Makes this better?"

I bit my tongue and thought about it. "Yes," I admitted. "I think it does. I don't

necessarily want to get caught, but fuck—the idea of it possibly happening is a turn-on."

"I thought so." With that, he pushed my leggings down quickly.

I gasped. "Jace!"

"What, love? I need your pants down if I'm going to do this."

He got on his knees, kissed my hipbone, and then licked a hot line from that hipbone to the other. My pussy thumped and pounded with excitement. On the screen, someone screamed.

"Fuck—" I gasped.

Finally, he parted me and slid his tongue over my clitoris. My whole body jumped like I'd been mildly shocked. I plunged my fingers into his thick dark hair and arched my hips forward. I felt greedy and horny and a little scared.

It was perfect.

His fingers pushed into me again. "I like how warm you are inside," he murmured against my inner thigh. I swore my legs were going to buckle from his words alone.

His tongue teased me, dancing over my clit, dragging slowly only to flitter

EROTICA

and flick at me playfully a moment later. He was doing it on purpose, keeping me on edge. Keeping me off balance.

Out in the hallway someone laughed loudly. For a second I thought we'd have a visitor. My pulse pounded and I gasped.

But then the noise passed and it was just us and the zombies.

His fingers worked me relentlessly again. I was still swollen and tender from earlier. It didn't take much for me to come.

When I did, I cried out as loud as I pleased, figuring my voice would blend in with the movie heroine's screams.

He stood and turned me quickly. I planted my hands against the fancy hotel wallpaper. I couldn't see the pattern but I could feel it beneath my fingers. I scraped my nails against it as Jace kicked my legs wide. I pushed against the wall, forcing my ass back. Wetness graced the tops of my thighs and I could feel every heartbeat echoed in my cunt.

Out in the hall—in the sea of visitors—someone laughed loudly and the sound of a chainsaw echoed. People cheered

and whooped.

All I could focus on was Jace dragging the tip of his cock along my wetness. He put his mouth on the back of my neck, sucked hard, drew on me slowly, and then scraped his teeth along the tender skin.

More goose bumps sprang up and my nipples tingled with tightness.

"There's my dirty girl. Ready for some monster cock?" He laughed darkly in my ear and I found myself shivering.

Jace held me by my hips and slid into me slowly. His cock—big, hard, and ready—stretched me open.

When he was in me balls-deep, he paused, simply standing there, cock filling me. He wanted me to suffer. Wanted me to squirm. Because every moment we stood there with him not moving was another moment that any convention goer could come in and stumble across our impromptu fucking.

"Monster Cock Meets Horny Girl," I murmured.

"What was that?" He pushed into me and his cockhead pressed the perfect spot. My pulse quickened, my pussy

flexed, and yet he didn't move.

"I said, Monster Cock Meet Horny Girl," I projected so he could hear me over the movie and the noises of people moving up and down the halls.

Jace chuckled. "I like that. We could make it. Our own homemade horror con porn. Think people would pay to watch us fuck?"

At first, I focused on his words. I only realized he was moving, slowly and steadily, when he hit a lovely tender place and pleasure swirled through me.

I gripped my pussy tightly around him and made him hiss. It was my turn to torture him a little bit.

"I think they would. We fuck well together," I said, head turned so he could hear me.

He hustled me forward a few steps so my cheek pressed the wall and so did my palms. I pushed my ass back and widened my stance, wanting him as far inside me as he could get.

His fingers bit into the flare of my hips and the sharp pain only accented the intense pleasure I felt. In my mind, I pictured a flood of people coming into the room. Discovering us. Standing there watching us fuck.

I slid my hand down across my belly to my sex. I slipped my fingers through my own raging wetness and then painted it over my clit. Every stroke of my fingertips was an intense punch of sensual sensations.

"I can feel you getting tighter," he muttered.

Wetness rushed out of me. I could feel it. So slick, so insanely slippery.

He moaned. He could feel it, too.

My stroking became frenzied. I settled for good old circular strokes as my pussy grew tighter and tighter.

"Jesus Christ—" His hips pistoned. His fingers dug into me.

"I'm going to come," I said a bit too loudly.

In the movie, zombies groaned.

When I lost my last shred of control and



came, I moaned right along with them.

Jace pushed against my lower back, bending me forward more, and fucked me feverishly. His tempo was frenzied, but now he could take me as he needed to.

My moisture aided his rapid thrusts and when he came he groaned, one big arm looped around my middle as his movements slowed.

A sharp bark of laughter sounded and there was no doubt it was in the room with us. We both straightened fast and grabbed for our pants. I got my leggings up and turned to face the music.

But I couldn't see anyone. It was only when we stepped out of the recess in the wall and around the screen that we saw her. A woman with a young guy sitting the last row nearest to the door.

We'd been invisible to her.

That theory was proven when we stopped out and she screamed.

"Goddamn, you scared me! I didn't know you were back there."

"Sorry," I muttered as I hurried past. "I was looking for something..."

As we exited the room, Jace leaned in and growled, "Monster cock."

My laughter was born half of amusement and half of relief.

He grabbed my hand. "Start looking. For?"

He squeezed my fingers and said, "We have a two-day pass. Where are we fucking tomorrow?"

I didn't think it would be possible to be more turned-on than I had been. I was wrong.

I had thought about it all night. And in the morning, Jace turned to me and said, "So?"

"So?" I played coy.

"Where are we fucking today?"

I'd seen it on our way out.

"The office."

"The hotel office?"

"No. The traveler's office. The little room they set up for those on the road where they can use a PC or fax or whatever."

"Why there?"



"HE GRABBED MY LEG AGAIN, HELD IT, AND ENTERED ME ON ONE HARD, FAST THRUST."

"It's in the main corridor. And it looks out on the parade of people who walk by. It was dark yesterday. Maybe it's closed for the convention."

"I guess we'll find out."

"I guess so."

Like two horny teenagers we made a beeline for the small room in the busy hallway. It was still dark but when I turned the knob the door swung open. In the dim light coming in from the hallway, I found a sheet of paper on the counter and wrote CLOSED FOR

CONVENTION in pen. Then I tucked it behind the venetian blind so it faced out to the hall. I thumbed the lock so we were safe from prying people. Through the opened slats a sea of people walked by. A lot in costume. There went someone with razor-tipped gloves on his hands. There went someone with a hockey mask. A man with a chainsaw...

As I watched, Jace tugged my skirt up. I'd gone the easy route today. Thigh-high stockings, black panties, a short skirt, and boots.

He pulled my panties off and stuck them in his pocket. "There's my dirty girl!"

I put my ass on the counter and spread my legs, holding my skirt at waist level. "Here I am. Come and get me."

He shoved his jeans down and then his boxers. His cock sprang free and he wrapped a big hand around it, giving it a few strokes. I could just make him out. Behind him a constant rush of people passed. I saw a celebrity from one of our favorite horror movies file past and couldn't be bothered. We'd find him in the signing room later.

At that moment, I just wanted Jace

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to fuck me.

He came toward me and grabbed my right leg. He hiked it up to his waist and moved in close, his dick dragging through my wetness, nudging my slick hole.

"Fuck me," I begged. "I've been thinking about this all night."

His hand slid down my flanks, stroking the side of my ass cheek. His touch was sensually lazy given our location and circumstances. The urgency of this scenario versus his languid ministrations made my head spin.

"Are you anxious? Monster Cock Meets Horny Girl Part 2, maybe?"

"This time it's personal..." I said, then snorted.

He pushed into me just a bit and I gasped, frustrated and turned-on all at the same time.

He gasped back at me, mimicking me. "Just the tip, love."

I wanted to swat at him, but I also wanted him to fuck me.

I arched my hips, forcing him deeper. He tsked at me, scolding me like I was

his student and he was the teacher.

He pulled free of me completely and I groaned loud and long, utterly beside myself.

"Say you're sorry," he said.

"You're sorry," I echoed before I could stop myself.

Another tsk from Jace and he was pushing me onto my side and then he laid down five very fast, very hard spansks.

I swallowed my yelps and protestations because I didn't want to draw attention, but they stung. I could feel his handprint springing up on my ass cheek, a hot red flower.

"Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry," I gasped. And I was.

"Good girl."

He grabbed my leg again, held it, and entered me on one hard, fast thrust. The base of his cock knocked against my clit and pleasure hit me like a gauze-wrapped fist.

I let my head fall back.

He grabbed my other leg and held

them both. I was spread wide as he fucked me. My hair brushed the wall and my ass slid along the cool countertop. He let go of my legs and moved over me, his hands on either side of my hips. The angle was perfect for his pubic bone to kiss my clit every time he thrust.

I kissed him, then bit his lower lip. He growled and grabbed my ass cheeks in his big hands. He pulled me forward against him even as he plunged into me.

I watched the sea of people outside the blind slats as he pounded me. I hooked my ankles behind his back and cooed in his ear. "Just like that. Fuck. I'm going to come. Just like that."

A specter walked by, a man with a butcher's knife, a woman in a prom dress doused in fake blood.

He hit my clit again and I squeezed my internal muscles.

"Christ," he said.

He grabbed a handful of my hair, tugging until my head snapped back

“I DID EVERYTHING TO TEASE HIM INTO FUCKING MY MOUTH.”

and my neck was bare to him. Then he kissed me roughly before grazing his teeth down the length of my throat.

I came, my pussy squeezing and gripping him. I let him hold me snugly as the orgasm swept over me, stealing my breath and my strength.

“So good, so fucking good,” I was muttering.

It made him laugh.

“Happy to please.”

“Yes, yes,” I babbled. “You did.” I couldn’t catch my breath or make my brain work, but when he pulled out of me and grabbed my wrist to haul me forward I knew what he wanted.

We switched places. He leaned against the counter and I got on my knees before him. The rush of convention people was behind me then. I took him in my mouth and slid my lips down to the base of his cock. I sucked him, playing my tongue along his length and cupping his balls. I did everything to tease him into fucking my mouth.

And he did. He held my head and took my mouth. Within moments he came, coating my tongue with his cream.

I looked up at him in the half light. “Is this the part where they run ‘The End’ across the screen?”

He helped me up off the floor and kissed me. I smiled when he said, “More like, ‘To Be Continued....’” it.”





LETTER OF THE MONTH

ALPHA BABE

A tough business relationship turns into crazy good pleasure.

My competitive nature is a true double-edged sword. Growing up, I was a rare combination of physically coordinated with good grades, which got me a free ride to an excellent private college. When an injury subsequently took me out of sports, my grades carried me into a choice business school. From there, I've continued my ascent in the corporate world. Overall, I've never been a man to settle for less in anything that I set my mind to. I demand the best from myself always—and I never back down from a challenge. In terms of my personal life, though, I've always been the total opposite.

Sure, I have always enjoyed the “chase” and the rush of landing a sought-after sexual conquest—that goes without saying! However, when I was younger, the last thing I wanted was a super-competitive partner or a fellow “type A” person. When I was “off,” I just wanted to be able to relax and not have a pissing contest, so without meaning to offend, you could say that this caused me to date women of markedly lower intelligence and ambition. I suppose my younger, less mature self thought it was easier or safer to avoid relationships where I'd be forced to reckon with a true equal.

Lucky for me, when I was in my early thirties, I met a lady who managed to reverse the polarities of my world and shake things up completely—and not a moment too soon. Without breaking any corporate espionage laws, I can say that once upon a time, I was in charge of spearheading a very lucrative and top-secret new project for a major tech company.

When I walked into the conference room to begin the first of many

brainstorming sessions, you bet I was pissed to see that our CEO had, at the last minute, called in some female consultant—and put her above me, allegedly because she had some “insider knowledge of the consumer base.”

Now, before you bristle, this was not at all a “sexist” thing—it was a “*I have worked on this project for a year, was told I had carte blanche, and who the hell is this new person*” thing. Nevertheless, I managed to keep my composure and shake hands. The

**“SHERRI WENT
BACK TO WORK
AND DEEP-
THROATED ME
INTO SWEET
OBLIVION.”**

female consultant's name was Sherri.

Sherri had tumbling chestnut curls that she restrained with a demure French twist. And she had the most regal face with creamy ivory skin and light green eyes. Hiding beneath that navy pantsuit was a toned figure with incredible legs. Gorgeous doesn't even begin to describe Sherri: Given the power and confidence she exuded, and the ease with which she carried herself, she was miles away from any other woman I'd ever known—and for the first time, I felt out of my depth.

I smiled and tried to make nice with some pleasantries, but Sherri more or

less just cut me off: “I'm sure we'll get to know each other later, Mr. Keller. But right now, I have a presentation that I really want you all to take in, so please, have a seat.”

OK, fine, you can call me arrogant, but I was used to being in charge, not being dismissed and told to “sit down” by some totally new person—much less a woman I found myself attracted to. And it got worse.

In front of the entire room, Sherri spent the next fifteen minutes eviscerating my ideas—several of which were backed by a great sales record. Now, I've seen some macho moves before, but this was pushing it. I glanced at our CEO and he gave me one of those helpless shrugs like he didn't have the power to stop what he'd set in motion.

Once she finished, Sherri had the nerve to dismiss everyone and ask me to stay back and chat with her—like she was a stern schoolteacher and I had detention.

“Sure, not a problem,” I said, clenching my fists under the table. “I welcome your feedback.”

My colleague Stan patted me on the shoulder. “Easy there, tiger.” He whispered. “She's probably all bark and no bite.”

My boss had the nerve to give me a thumbs-up: “Can't wait to see what you two will come up with.”

It was all I could do to smile and nod at him.

As the room emptied, I stood up and headed over to Sherri. In spite of the fact that my varsity days are long gone, I've maintained my physique every day at the gym; I'm 6'3” and made of lean muscle. Sherri, looking me square in the eye, was maybe 5'10” with her heels on. If we were dogs, no doubt we would

have been circling each other for the next hour.

"Listen," Sherri began, "I am aware that you've made some important strides over the last—"

"—no, *you* listen." I held up my hand. "I don't know what you think you're doing here, but no one knows this area better than me."

"If that were true, then your numbers would be rising." Sherri gestured to her PowerPoint: "These figures from last quarter say it all!"

"That's bullshit—you know as well as I do that external factors had impact—"

From there, Sherri and I ended up in a full-blown screaming match that probably everyone in our vicinity could hear. Maybe it was all foreplay. But at the time, it landed me in hot water.

After a few rounds of our yelling, the room intercom buzzed and my boss's secretary interrupted: "Brian, Mr. McNeill says he needs to see you now."

The blood was rushing to my head as I snapped back: "I'll be right there."

I glared at Sherri and slammed out of the room. First "detention" with a self-righteous bitch, and now the "principal's office" with a sputtering idiot—I could never recall being so pissed off at work before.

"Brian..." My boss began, "Listen, I know this might have come as a shock to you."

"No kidding!"

My boss sighed. "Look, you want success, I want success...so I need you to work with her. And I actually think she has some really useful ideas, or I wouldn't have brought her on board like this."

"Is that all?" I said.

"No," my boss replied. "I don't want a lawsuit or any 'ugliness' leaking out, so here's what: You're going to say 'mea culpa' and take Sherri to a nice, convivial dinner to reevaluate our strategy."

Before I could speak again, he cut me off: "It's on the company dime, so whatever. You want to order caviar out



LETTER OF THE MONTH

of spite, that's fine. Just work with her—and don't make me ask you again."

I sighed and nodded. "OK. When?"

"How about now? Hit up the happy hour—you know our place."

The walk down the hall to Sherri's office felt like it went on forever. When I reached her new suite, I stopped just to take in the sight of her hunched over her laptop screen with the slightest hint of cleavage emerging from her blouse. I cleared my throat.

She looked up at me but did not smile. "Yes?"

"So. If you get your things and meet me in the garage in ten minutes, looks like Mr. McNeill has approved the expenditure of a rather lavish business dinner," I paused, "for the two of us."

"Is this because you think plying me with martinis will make me give in to all your ideas?"

"I don't think so, but I guess for what it's worth, it's an olive branch—and I'll be getting pliable myself, so...you won't be the only one," I shrugged.

Sherri reached for her purse and stood up. "You almost sound charming

when you put it that way." And then there was the slightest hint of a smile as she brushed past me: "Are you going to lead the way, or do I have to do that, too?"

"After you," I smirked.

"Fine." Sherri pursed her lips and pulled her office door shut: "Let's go then."

At the time, I had no idea just how literally those words would manifest. I volunteered to drive, and surprisingly she let me. Dinner itself was also unexpectedly pleasant—although we didn't even talk about anything related to work, so that's probably why! In any case, I wasn't sure what to do.

The Sherri from earlier in the conference room drove me nuts—but I couldn't get enough of the Sherri who was across from me now.

As if she sensed my hesitation, I felt her hand touch my arm:

"Brian?" Sherri smiled. "This was nice."

"Yeah," I said, staring into her eyes first, and then letting my eyes wander down from her collarbone, taking in that alluring hint of her cleavage. "I'm..." I paused.

"Sherri, I really owe you an apology."

Sherri shrugged. "No, I get where

you're coming from. Believe it or not, I might've reacted the same way."

I didn't expect her to be so gracious, much less casual about it. "I'm hoping we can work together better...but, to tell you the truth, I'm also sorry that I have to work with you."

"Why would that be?"

"I usually don't date women I work with."

Sherri smirked. "So you're hitting on me now? Is that where this spirit of teamwork is coming from?"

"Yes—no." I laughed. "I plead the fifth."

"Uh-huh." Sherri tilted her head and folded her arms.

Inwardly I wanted to crawl under the table. I was used to feeling smooth and in control, but around Sherri I felt like a blindfolded guy stumbling around during an earthquake. And the prospect of her rejection made me feel extra vulnerable, so I tried to play it cool: "Let's get the check. Don't know about you, but I have plenty to catch up on."

We headed to the car and drove back to the company parking garage in awkward silence. I was certain I had put my foot in my mouth earlier but had no idea how to recover. I killed the engine and smiled at her again. "Well...thanks for coming out and humoring me, I guess."

And that's when she touched my arm again. "Brian..."

"Hmmm?"

"You know I want to do more than humor you, right?"

"What do you—"

"—I didn't say no back there, did I?"

Before I could blubber out another response, Sherri leaned in and kissed me with such passion that the touch of her lips sent chills down the back of my neck. I grabbed her and pulled her as close as possible, but she was clearly taking charge.

"Move your seat back, Brian," Sherri whispered.

I complied, and Sherri took hold of my belt buckle.

"See?" She unzipped my pants and





felt her way to my throbbing member. “When you cooperate with me, we can work really well together.”

Still too stunned to properly speak, I let my mouth just fall open as I felt her lips encircle the head of my dick. Without even smudging her lipstick, my new perfectionist alpha-female colleague worked my member back and forth between her pillowy lips, sucking and tugging me to new heights.

I stroked the sides of her face and hair as Sherri opened her mouth and expertly overcame her gag reflex to take me deeper and deeper down her throat. I could feel my climax building, but I really wanted to fuck her.

“Sherri—” I gasped. “Sherri—slow down.”

She released my dick from her mouth and grinned: “Why would I do that?”

“I want to fuck you.”

“You’re going to have to earn that perk, mister,” Sherri said, casually stroking my shaft. “In fact, you are going to need to show me that you can deliver a huge load first.”

I don’t know what was more arousing—

**“MY BULGING
DICK WAS
STRAINING TO
GO, AND SHERRI
KNEW IT.”**

her challenge, or the way she was taking charge and making me her private come-stud. In any case, Sherri went back to work and deep-throated me into sweet oblivion. I tried to last for as long as possible, but there was no stopping the torrent of hot come that erupted as she pumped and sucked me dry. Sherri swallowed everything, too, save a little trace in the corner of her mouth when she looked up and smiled at me again.

“Well done,” she said. She straightened her blouse and sat up.

I slumped back in my seat, thoroughly spent and, pun intended, blown away by this woman. “That was incredible.”

Sherri smiled again. “Indeed. See you tomorrow.”

And before I could speak again, she kissed me on the cheek and got out of the car.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I went home that night and jerked off in the shower, trying to remember every detail of her spontaneous suck-off as I pictured the gorgeous body hiding beneath her business attire.

I walked into work the next day thinking all was well and the project would be smooth sailing...but I was wrong.

Before I could even say good morning to the receptionist, Sherri was at the front desk barking at me. "Brian! Where

the hell have you been?"

"What do you mean? We don't have a meeting?"

"Get into the conference room. I've been on the phone with Japan since six this morning, and you and I need to go over some new contract clauses."

"Well—nobody told me!"

My boss came down the hall and shook his head. "Brian, you two simply need to learn to work together and communicate."

Great. Between that admonishment and Sherri's attitude, I felt like the "bad kid" in school again. But imagine my confusion: The woman who just blew me in a parked car was apparently now trying to make me look bad in front of the boss.

I started down the hall to the conference room, calling out over my shoulder:

"What's going on, Sherri? What didn't you call me?"

"I'll explain in a moment." Sherri ushered me inside, pulled the blinds... and then locked the door.

"What's going on?" I repeated.

"I thought we were...uh, cool, after yesterday."

And that's when her face changed. "Oh, Brian," she giggled, "please don't worry."

"Worry?" I threw my hands up. "Sherri, are you trying to sabotage my career here?"

"No!" Sherri shook her head. "I had to make it sound like we needed privacy to work, and I also needed a very good reason to get you alone in a soundproofed room." She reached over and tugged on my necktie.

"I'll be damned." I shook my head. "You couldn't just come to my house and fuck me like a normal person?"

Sherri laughed. "No...ever since I first saw you in here, I wanted this—right here in this room." She gave me another mind-melting kiss.

"I thought you hated me when we met."

"Mmm, maybe just a little." Sherri gently bopped me on the nose.

"Well, I give you serious props for initiative." I felt my way up her blouse and began to undo the buttons.

Sherri smiled. "Go on—I know you've been dying to see them."

Beneath her conservative white blouse, she had on a white sheer mesh bra that gave me a naughty little peek at her erect nipples. I licked them through the thin cups and felt her squirm: "I want to strip you naked and fuck you all over this table."

"Good." She whispered in my ear. "Because this time I want to feel that load inside of me."

I unhooked her bra and helped her toss it aside with her blouse. She wore a pencil skirt today instead of the pantsuit. As we kissed, I squeezed Sherri's ass. "Are you not wearing panties?"

Laughing, Sherri unzipped the side of her skirt and wiggled out, revealing a lovely bare cunt. "You really are a professional, Brian."

"You don't know the half of it." I put

"I WANTED IT TO LAST ALL DAY—THIS WAS CHEMISTRY UNLIKE ANY OTHER I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED."



her on the table and dove between her legs. As I set about returning Sherri's oral favors earlier, it gave me pause to remember the cold, argumentative Sherri I'd met in this room vs. the whimpering wet nympho who kept egging me on and pulling my hair as my tongue circled her clit. If you would have told me a day ago that this is how things would end up, I never would have believed it.

"Oh, fuck!" Sherri wiggled her hips in time with my tongue, so I felt her pussy all over my smooth-shaven face: "Don't you fucking stop, Brian!"

I didn't; I kept going with my tongue and fingers until I felt her body start to shake. But I didn't let her bask in the afterglow of orgasm long; my bulging dick was straining to go, and Sherri knew it.

She laid back on the table and spread her legs again, stroking her wet folds for me. "Go on, Brian. Show me how you work."

I plunged into her pussy, filling it to the hilt. I loved the way her long, petal-like labia wrapped around my tool, as if she was devouring me.

"Ahh, yes!" She moaned and pinched her nipples. "Fuck me, Brian!"

"Oh my God, you're so fucking wet!" I groaned.

Sherri and I power-fucked with her legs over my shoulders, knocking over pens, remotes—any office supply near our romp ended up on the floor. I wanted it to last all day—this was chemistry unlike any other I had ever experienced. We both came together, and just as Sherri had wanted, I shot my entire load into her pussy—although there might've been a suspicious puddle on the table after we left the room.

Now, after our actual work project together ended, no one at my company was surprised that I left and went out on my own. However, what no one saw coming was the name of my new business partner—and our wedding announcement, six months later.

—B.A., via Seattle, WA





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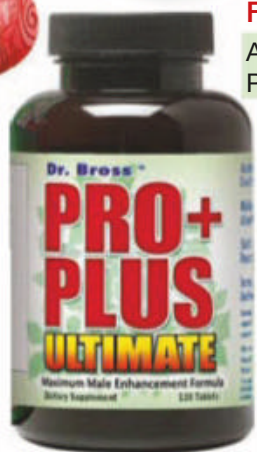


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SPOTLIGHT ON THREE FOR ALL

A LITTLE SCIENCE

Katrina and Lorna give Peter all he could ever desire.

By Fawn Matthews

“You’re such an egghead, even about sex! Honestly, Peter.” Katrina shook her head in her snobbish, teasing way at me as she kicked me gently under the table, blowing Dunhill smoke from one side of her thick lips. She could say the stupidest things with those lips, but the asymmetrical smoke-blowing blew my mind every time.

They were the thickest thing about her—feather-soft but heavy and so fleshy they often seemed to overflow the space they had been designed to fill on her thin, elegant face. She could have literally just grunted “duh” and I would have wanted to scoop her up like the delicate taste of heaven she was.

But I had a plan for that evening, and I was damned if I was going to let her take me off the scent.

She was still talking: “Do you have some kind of kink or brain damage where you think you have to talk about, like, electrodes on my nipples to turn me on?” She grinned, lopsided and perfect; her delicate face could never be straight, but that made it even better. “And do you seriously think that *anything* science-y you could ever say is going to ever make me tolerate, much less want to *kiss*, that horrible slutty *walking flesh bucket* you call your best friend?”

She was talking about Lorna. Lorna had been a friend of mine with occasional benefits for a decade. Katrina was convinced she hated Lorna—Lorna, whose breasts were each the size of Katrina’s entire backside; but despite their size, Lorna’s double-Cs were light, with an elegance of their own. They didn’t just float in water; they floated on air.

“Ugh,” said Katrina. She stood up and yanked me to my feet. Then she yanked me toward the bedroom. I barely fought

her, although this wasn’t part of my plan. “Lorna. I adore you, Peter, but if you think that girl is of any interest sexually, I don’t know why you’re dating me and not her. She’s like Marilyn Monroe. I’m like...Olive Oyl!”

“Oh, come on, now, Katrina. You’re so cute and sexy. You’re more like...oh, what’s her name, the *Beetlejuice* girl.”

“See, you don’t even remember her name! It’s Winona Ryder.”

“Yeah, and she’s still hot. You think

“I GRABBED HER AND THREW HER HARD BACK ONTO THE BED AND KISSED THAT SOFT, CRAZY MOUTH.”

Marilyn Monroe would have been hot past thirty?”

“Of course,” Katrina sulked. “I hate her.”

“Who? Lorna or Marilyn?”

“Both of them! But not as much as I hate nipple clamps and sensors or *anything* weird on my nipples!”

“Where did you get nipple clamps from?! All I’ve mentioned in this entire discussion is genital sensors.”

She gave me a little disapproving sniff and the sort of frown that you get from girls who are incapable of doing anything with their faces that isn’t inviting, no matter how angry or fake-angry they are.

When they act like this, I often wonder whether maybe, if I were ten percent

stupider, my girlfriends would like me that much more. But her tone—it was teasing, affectionate—put me at ease. If you were an outside observer reading nothing but our words, you might think we were on the verge of fisticuffs rather than the sort of cuffs we were probably heading toward. She was being a jerk and I was enjoying it immensely. Who knows; she might have actually been a tiny bit annoyed under her banter, but I wasn’t about to let a little thing like that ruin my evening. She knew I loved her little body, even if there wasn’t much of it to love. It was the fire inside of it that made me wild. Well, and her silky inner thighs. They’re so soft I can barely tell where the air surrounding them ends and the flesh that they’re made of begins. How can the skin be so unbelievably soft on the inside of girls’ legs? Sometimes I wonder how they even keep all the parts of their bodies inside of them when the skin holding it in is so soft and pliable and delicious and—

—and this is how I get distracted when I’m trying to pull off one of these adventures! *Focus, Peter*, I thought. *Either focus on your plan or just throw her down and have her like she wants you to do anyway.* —Oh, sure, I said to myself, *that would be kind of me, wouldn’t it? Take the easy way out and never let her find out what it is she really wants. That would make me a heck of a guy, all right.*

I took a deep breath and stared into her big, wild, green eyes. “No, sweetie, listen this time instead of thinking about what clever little thing you’re going to say to prove me wrong as soon as I stop talking, OK? That’s another thing science tells us people do—”

“Oh, my God. Science. So sexy.”

“—hey, how do you think vibrators get made!?!?”

By way of reply, she pulled her skirt



up an inch. She was wearing the type of fishnet leggings that go up around the top of their thigh and are held there by elastic, so the inch was the difference between looking at her leg through fishnet and looking at her leg through leg. I was getting both at once.

You little jerk, I thought fondly. “Yeah, science made those, too. Anyway, science tells us that people’s conversations suck because they don’t actually listen, they just think about what their own retort is going to be, but their retort doesn’t make any sense, because they weren’t listening to what the other person was saying in the first pl—oh, my God.”

She giggled. While I was rambling, she had been sliding that clever little hand of hers up between my thighs, just to the tip of my dick. I’m not sure whether Katrina thinks about this consciously, but she ruins her “I’m just a dumb little cutie pie who’s not up to any tricks, never mind me” routine every time she touches me. The sensual intelligence in those little paws gives her clever, bawdy little mind away every time—even if you could ignore the way she outwits me while I think she’s letting me pontificate and impress her. It’s one of the many, many reasons I keep old Katrina around (well, she’s only 23, but you know what I mean)—but she was driving me perfectly nuts about Lorna in about forty different ways at once.

I pushed her hand away—it took me about a week’s worth of willpower to do so; there went my leg day at the gym—and, laughing, I said, “Now, look here, Missy.

You know how everybody thinks you girls are all so jealous of each other you can’t think straight?”

“Are you sure you don’t mean *envious*?” She crossed her arms. “We can’t think straight because we are envious? *Envious* of what, may I ask?”

I sighed. “You’re never going to let me live down the day I made you sit through my ‘envy versus jealousy’ vocab lecture, are you?”

“Nope,” she grinned, pulling closer and stroking my backside. Her pinky finger was making dangerous revolutions around my anus. “Envy,” she said, mocking my pedantic tone, “is when you want something somebody else has. Like...oh, I don’t know, like I might like to have Lorna’s huge, round, perfect ass.” Her finger moved in closer to my ass and kept going around, slower and more gently this time, finding that one nerve she knows I have that makes me shiver every time she plays it just the right way; hesitating, massaging it, enjoying the way I squirmed before she went back around again.

I laughed and pushed it away. *I have the willpower of a god. I should seriously try funneling this into the gym; I would just be able to lie back and let them crawl on me.* Unfortunately, that wasn’t quite the way people worked—at least not women—at least in my experience. Not that I had ever had a completely perfect body, but no matter how good you looked, people needed games.

“Now, listen! Evolutionary psych nerds and regular society types always say

you’re all maliciously jealous because you’re just like that because survival: You’re jealous, envious bitches because you want to make sure your man spends his resources on your offspring and not your rivals’ kids. And maybe that’s partly true, but they did a different series of experiments...and it wasn’t with nipple clamps! This is where your listening skills need some work, my darling. If I go for the short version, will you *listen* this time?”

“Blah, blah,” she sulked, pushing me onto the bed, where she alighted on my lap, black curls bouncing down the ivory skin of her back. Her jade-green tank minidress set all her colors off deliciously. I had never noticed before that her black hair had a slight auburn cast; against the green, she looked like a forest fire, but in a good way. *Wild*. I enjoyed the sensations but went on talking.

“Now, they did this experiment where they took men and women and attached sensors to their genitalia so they could see whether the subjects were, uh, responding to the, uh, the images they were seeing.”

“Let me guess.” She put her pointy chin in her hands like a well-poised elf. “It was porn!”

“Yes, it was porn. But more to the point, it was all different kinds of porn. Gay, straight, lesbian. And guess what they found?”

“Most of it was badly produced?”

I laughed. “Well, yes, but they found that according to the sensors, men only responded to one kind of porn—either

LETTERS

➤ SPOTLIGHT ON THREE FOR ALL



stuff with all men in it, so they were gay, or straight and lesbian porn, stuff with women. Statistically, I mean, Not everyone. But by and large, men either got all bothered by straight and lesbian porn—porn with women in it, right?—OR they were just plain gay and only got turned on by the men.”

“Oh God, you’re not trying to tell me Lorna is a man, are you?”

“You are IMPOSSIBLE.” I slapped her little butt and it barely jiggled—but enough to make me wonder whether I shouldn’t give up on my entire ridiculously convoluted plan and just take her like she wanted me to. *Nahhhhhh*. Anyway, that would leave Lorna *literally* in the closet, feeling silly, and I doubted she would ever forgive me for that one.

“I *am* trying to tell you something about Lorna, sweetie, but you gotta let me spit it out. OK, so the *women* were the interesting ones in the experiment.”

“Aren’t we always?”

I rolled my eyes. “Sexism is illegal now, you know.”

“Oooh, is it torture dungeon day?”

“That was Wednesday.”

“You know, you are honestly beginning to intrigue me, Peter.” She ran back out to the living room to fumble for another

“OH, GOD, KATRINA COULDN’T GET ENOUGH OF LORNA’S BREASTS.”

Dunhill and mix herself one of my more expensive Scotches with Diet Coke. I tried not to wince too hard. She leaned across my bedroom doorway and sipped irresistibly, dribbling expensive cigarette ash on the hardwood floor. There was no way she was as un-hot as she pretended to think she was. Or thought she thought she was. Well, she was pretty drunk. Not too drunk, I hoped. She wasn’t much of a drinker, so when she started trying to use drinks as comic props I had to look out for her performance issues.

“Would you LISTEN to me?!”

“Ooooh, it’s angry. That’s hot.”

“I’m sure it is,” I grinned. “Now shut up.”

When they showed the women the same porn—gay porn, straight porn, just men, just women, both, whatever—the women responded to everything. Whether they said they were gay, straight, didn’t matter—they were all turned on by everything they saw. Which is why I came up with my theory.”

“Oh, Christ, that’s right, you had some kind of *thought* you wanted to torture me with.” She rolled her eyes.

“Torture, shmorture,” I said. “My theory is that the reason you guys are so much more envious than we are is because you’re actually capable of seeing how hot your competition is.”

She gave me a furious look.

“What?!” I said. “Everybody else is saying you’re senseless, selfish, nasty people! I’m saying that you guys are capable of understanding things us men can’t even notice in the first place! And that the only reason that other girls being hot bothers you more than other guys being hot bothers us is because you notice at a visceral—bone-deep—”

“By which you mean pussy-deep?”

“Fine, if you want to be vulgar, my little sex pig: You notice at a pussy-deep level just how hot the other women you’re in competition with are, and it drives you nuts.”

“Uh-huh.”

“You don’t know what you want to do, you see? You want to compete with each other, because you know that neither of you has a dick, and of course you want a dick. But oh my God, do you really just want to compete with each other when you could be touching each other? It’s not like all breasts are the same, for example. I mean, you really hate Lorna, don’t you?”

“Of course. What, did you think you were going to talk me out of that with your phony philosophy? Your goofy science experiment with mental patients watching porn with nipple clamps...”

I couldn’t take it; I grabbed her and threw her hard back onto the bed and kissed that soft, crazy mouth. “Mental patients! Nipple clamps! Where do you

get this stuff?! Oh, my God!" She kissed me back, hungrily like she was a desert wanderer and I was a canteen of Perrier.

"You hate her huge, soft breasts!"

"Despise them," she assented, sadly stroking her little handful of a right breast.

"You hate them so much you just want to have them for your own, don't you? You want to be able to reach out in bed every night and squeeze all that soft, firm flesh 'til you're satisfied..."

"Oh, I'll never be satisfied," she admitted. Suddenly her eyes went wide. "I did not say that!"

"Oh, yes, you did," I grinned. "Her breasts, my cock. You could have them every night and never get enough."

"Shut up, I was thinking about something else." She made to slap me, but instead her hand found its way down between my legs. Before either of us knew it, she was playing with my cock like it was the finest thing she had ever touched. I hadn't expected this, but I let my back arch a little and groaned.

Then I got my act back together. Pinning her two little arms together with one hand, I took Katrina's right breast in the other hand, stroking it from its tip toward the little divot between her two breasts. I knew from lots of tasty experience that this would drive her wild; her flesh there was so sparse and fine, the nerves were insanely concentrated, and the slightest touch set every inch of her on fire. She sighed uncontrollably; she couldn't keep up the angry act for a second when I did that. Not even if I said:

"Would you hate them so much if you could have them for a few minutes?"

"What do you mean, have them? Lorna's breasts? *Have* them? Are you gonna cut her up so I can wear them 'til they get cold or something?"

"Oh, he had better not do any such thing." A low, purring contralto voice was emanating from the closet. Yes, I had Lorna literally pinned in the bisexual closet, doing God knows what with herself in there the whole time while we talked



LETTERS

➤ SPOTLIGHT ON THREE FOR ALL



**“I GRABBED HER
AND THREW HER
HARD BACK ONTO
THE BED AND
KISSED THAT SOFT,
CRAZY MOUTH.”**

about how much my girlfriend hated her and her big, light, fit, firm, perfect tits. Katrina's face turned from alabaster to fire-engine red in a millisecond.

“YOU HAD HER IN OUR CLOSET?!” Katrina screamed.

“Oh, you loved it,” Lorna smirked. She slipped out like a big lithe panther. Lorna was the healthiest girl I'd ever met—it would be misleading to say she worked out every day. Lorna played in the sunshine like a giant cat, and then she feasted in the shade like a queen. Lorna had the most stunningly bisexual personality I'd ever met, as well; I loved to introduce her to people, because unless she matched what they thought they were into, she made every single person who saw her wonder what exactly their type was. She was a honey blonde with darkish skin and very dark eyes, but I'd seen gay guys who were into goth albinos with their hair dyed jet-black chase her around a bar offering her fifty dollars and their turn at the pool table just to let them put a hand on her ass for a minute.

Right now she was wearing a pale pink and fawn-skin brown negligee; on closer

inspection, it actually was fawn skin or some kind of pale tan leather. The straps were wide, the garment cut into a V to show off the perfect musculature of her stomach, fleshy and strong. The honey color of her hair and her dark tanned skin all contrasted with the light leather and pink taffeta to make her look like an oversexed shepherdess.

I looked at Katrina. Her mouth was hanging wide open—trapped between being angrier at me than she had ever been at anybody in her entire life and wanting to jump into Lorna's cleavage head-on. Door number two took about ten seconds to win. I didn't even get a chance to grab anything 'til they had been running their hands up and down each other's bodies for at least five minutes. They were both so different, but each perfect in her own way—Katrina all green and black and slim, Lorna all pink and brown and healthy, like two famished panthers.

Lorna got Katrina's simple dress off first, so I got to slip my fingers into all the familiar nerve endings that I knew would make Katrina insane. And oh, did

she go insane. I thought for a moment I was giving her a stroke, but she was just having—and I quote—“a feeling I didn't know a body could feel, because it was that good that I had to be in heaven, but for some reason I didn't seem to be dead. My vagina was purring and screaming at the same time, was all. And also, Lorna's tit was in my mouth.”

Oh, God, Katrina couldn't get enough of Lorna's breasts. Lorna couldn't get enough of Katrina's nice silky little legs, either, but she's had girls before. Katrina, on the other hand, was like a kid at an amusement park. Her mouth, her tongue, her fingers—all the usual stuff explored every perfect inch of Lorna's bosom—but then Katrina started getting creative.

Katrina has a nice tight vagina, but somehow she managed to get Lorna's breast halfway into it, which was when all heaven as well as the other place broke loose. Katrina came uncontrollably from having Lorna inside of her—and I, much to my chagrin, also lost control.

I thought that was it for me. But the girls weren't about to have it. I had given them something they'd never dreamed of, after all—well, at least, Katrina hadn't. She immediately dove down toward my cock, sucking it like she had never done before, and in thirty seconds I was more than good to go. I had each of them for a good twenty minutes before we all came within ten seconds of each other and collapsed, as happy as we had ever been. 🔑



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❶ CANDID CAMERA

My roommate Beth has been a cam girl for a while. I helped her film a couple of times, but I'd always been too shy to get in on the action myself. Then Beth came forward with an undeniable proposition—one of her regulars wanted to see her go down on a girl, but he wanted a first-timer.

I'd be lying if I said I hadn't gotten damp between my legs while watching Beth pleasure herself in front of the camera. This request was the push I needed both to fuck my friend and to dabble with a bit of exhibitionism.

Before our little show, we both picked out fun outfits from Beth's collection. Her red velvet bustier had a black patent trim. A tiny red lace thong perfectly complemented the corset. As soon as Beth pulled on the little triangle of lace the material caught between her thick pussy lips, accentuating her sex.

For me, Beth chose a frothy little pink

number. The flimsy pink teddy lifted my breasts, but the thin fabric did little to obscure my rock-hard nipples.

Once we were both all dolled-up, Beth positioned the laptop on her bed and initiated a call with Jeff. When the video flickered to life, I could just make out the outline of a man. The room he sat in was barely lit, concealing his identity.

"Hello, darling," Beth purred. She slipped behind me and smoothed her hands over my shoulders. "I brought you a little virgin like you asked." She chuckled, "Well, a girl-girl virgin, at least."

The speakers grew staticky as Jeff sucked in a deep breath. "Perfect," he drawled. "Cup her breasts, Beth. I want to see you squeeze them."

Beth's hands skimmed over my skin as she traveled from my shoulders to my tits. She palmed them from the underside, testing their weight in her hands.

"Yes, like that," he said. "Now give those pretty nipples a pinch."

The pad of her thumb skimmed over my aching nipple, grazing the delicate

nub through the thin lace of my lingerie. I gasped, not expecting such a simple touch to elicit such sensitivity. Of course, Beth wasn't done yet. She trapped the turgid bud between her thumb and pointer finger, pinching it hard.

My back arched as I sucked in another soothing breath.

Apparently, that wasn't enough for Jeff. He called out more instructions, louder this time. "Come on, Beth. Spread those thin little fingers of yours over her tits, then trap the nipples in between. I want to see your whole hand get in on this. Give her a good squeeze, baby."

Obedient as always, Beth spread her fingers wide. She pressed my breasts down into two perfect circles by flattening them against me. My nipples popped out from between her digits, then she closed them, pinching me hard.

A pleasant sting seared my nipples. I tilted my head back on a moan and allowed my body to sag against Beth's. Her breasts and tummy pressed against my back. Hard to soft—a delicious transition.

Jeff seemed to like Beth's moves as much as I did. I could hear his appreciative murmur in the background. After giving Beth a few minutes to continue her sweet torture on my nipples, he spoke again. "Use your right hand to move her thong to the side, Beth. I want to see what we're working with."

Slowly, Beth skimmed her palm from my breast down my abdomen. She paused for a moment when she reached my hip, then she swooped down to my thigh and slipped her fingers beneath the fabric of my underwear. She briefly brushed my clit before sliding back out and shoving the garment to the side.

"Very nice," Jeff said. "I love a girl with a little landing strip."

"Mmm, me too," Beth agreed.

My body responded well to their praise. I could feel the space between my thighs grow slick. Of course, I wasn't



the one running the show. I would have to wait for Jeff to decide that it was time for Beth to give my pussy the attention it so desperately craved.

It seemed I would have to wait long. Jeff spoke up again. "Tell me, Beth, is she wet?"

"How would you like me to check, Jeff?"

He took a moment to think about it. The silence filled the room, accentuating the steady beat of my pulse pounding in my ears. "Use your fingers," he finally replied.

Beth swept her fingers inside my slit. She slid through easily, aided by the natural lubricant seeping from my core. After she'd collected enough to make her fingers glisten, she lifted her hand to show the camera. "She's soaked, babe. More than ready to be fucked."

"Perfect. Now I want to know how she tastes. Stick those fingers in your mouth and suck them dry, Beth. Tell me exactly what you taste."

I held my breath while Beth complied. Sure, I'd licked my own fingers after a good finger-fucking, but it was an entirely different experience to watch another woman do it. Her cheeks grew hollow as she sucked those fingers hard, swirling her tongue between each digit to make certain she'd licked off every last drop of my juice.

After releasing her fingers from her mouth with a *pop*, Beth looked to the camera and said, "She's sour and sweet, just the way I like it. I can't wait to stick my tongue inside her and eat my fill."

Beth's praise made my heart sing and my pussy pulse. I hoped that Jeff was growing as impatient as I was and that he would give Beth the go-ahead to do as she pleased.

Instead, he made us wait for what we wanted, dialing up the anticipation. "Soon you will," Jeff assured us. "But first, Beth, I want you to unhook the clasp on that pink nightie and free her breasts. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes, Jeff."



"SHE SLID THROUGH EASILY, AIDED BY THE NATURAL LUBRICANT SEEPING FROM MY CORE."

Beth's hands moved back to my waist. She trailed her fingers over my ribcage and up my sternum, landing at the clasp that sat nestled between my breasts. With a quick twist of her fingers, Beth released the clasp and the cups fell to the side.

When he demanded that she take the garment all the way off, Beth complied immediately, tugging the straps down my arms and allowing the fabric to fall onto the bed.

Jeff murmured his approval, "Much better. Now I want to you kneel in front of her and take one of those luscious breasts in your mouth. Don't cover the other with your hand, Beth; I want to be able to see."

Not exactly the request I'd hoped for, but an excellent choice nonetheless. Though my pussy wasn't to be involved in this particular decree, it still pulsed with excitement, impatiently waiting for its own turn with Beth's skillful lips.

Beth moved to my front and kneeled before me. Bowing her head,

she captured my left breast in her mouth. Her tongue flicked my nipple, awakening the many nerves that lived within. Working her jaw, she moved her lips over my nipples, applying steady pressure while she continued to massage the bud with her tongue.

It felt so fucking good, and yet it wasn't nearly enough. My other breast ached for the same treatment, but it wouldn't do to obscure Jeff's view.

Just when I thought I would cry out in frustration, Jeff's voice broke through the silence again. "Now do the same to the other breast, Beth. Wouldn't want it to feel left out."

Unable to contain my gratitude, I found myself moaning, "Thank you, Jeff."

"The pleasure is mine," he replied.

Always obedient—with her clients, at least—Beth moved to my other breast. Her teeth grazed my nipple, sending another jolt of pleasure through my body. While she nibbled and sucked at the bud, her hand cupped the underside of my breast and firmly massaged the globe.

I closed my eyes. Every bit of pleasure I felt in my breasts seemed to echo down below. It was as though they were connected, sharing in all the glorious attention.

Just as my mind began to slip away, Jeff's voice brought me back down to Earth. "I think it's finally time for you to feast, Beth," he drawled. "Sit her against the headboard and prop her back up with the pillows. I want to see her face when she comes."

Happy that my trembling legs would get a break, I flopped back onto the

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pillows. Using the monitor to make certain Jeff had a good view, I draped my arms over the top of the pillows to keep my torso somewhat upright. Then I spread my legs open wide, serving myself up for Beth.

After Jeff had gotten an eyeful, Beth moved between my legs. She laid on her belly, moving around until she was nice and comfortable. She opened her mouth and lowered her head to my sex when Jeff spoke up again. “Open your legs up, Beth. I want to see if eating her gets you wet.”

Beth swung her legs open. Her feet knocked against my calves and she kept pushing, spreading my legs wider as well.

“Very nice,” Jeff murmured.

Finally, Beth’s tongue landed on my sex. She licked along my slit, working her way inside. When the tip of her tongue found my hole, she trailed around the edge, exciting all the nerves beneath the thin layer of skin. Then she plunged inside.

While Beth used her tongue to open me up, her fingers closed around my clit. It felt so good. I just needed a bit more friction to get me off.

I lifted my hips while she circled the nub, shamelessly pushing my pussy against her hand.

“Are you enjoying yourself, ladies?” I

“WHILE BETH USED HER TONGUE TO OPEN ME UP, HER FINGERS CLOSED AROUND MY CLIT.”

heard Jeff ask.

Beth lifted her head long enough to say “Yes.” Then she went right back to eating me out.

This round was even better than the last. She plunged her thumb into my hole, moving it in little circles as she pressed down, making the sensation spread from my pussy to my ass.

While her thumb was hard at work inside me, Beth’s lips latched over my clit. She sucked me in and laved her tongue over my nub until every muscle below my waist felt impossibly tight.

When my walls started to spasm around her, Beth pressed down hard, building the pressure ‘til I thought I

would burst. A rush of liquid poured from between my legs, thoroughly soaking Beth and the bed.

“Delicious,” Beth murmured as she crawled from between my legs. She lifted the laptop, giving Jeff a nice view of my heaving breasts and our come-soaked sheets. Then she signed off and curled up next to me on the bed, already dreaming up ideas for our next session.

—P.R., via email

🕯 GREEDY GIRL

I’m not big into the BDSM scene, but I’ve been dipping my toe into it for the last year. Mostly that means going to a bar downtown that has a BDSM space upstairs. I like to sit and watch other women get blindfolded and flogged—there’s something titillating about seeing another person made that vulnerable.

There’s a guy there I see a lot: Jace. I’m sure that’s not his real name. He’s about six feet tall and buff in a lean way, and he has this smoldering-hot bad2boy thing going on: tattoos, dyed dark hair, even a little guyliner. Not even remotely the kind of guy I would normally date, but damn does he look hot in the dim light of the club while he’s dominating some lucky girl.

The club takes volunteers, but it took me months to get up the courage. Jace wasn’t the first man to flog me, but he was the best by far. The last time it happened, I was standing with my legs spread, blindfolded, hands cuffed against a bar hanging from chains overhead, when he grabbed my throat and pulled me upright. His mouth was right next to my ear when he whispered “I own you right now.”

I’m an independent girl, but everyone knows bedroom play isn’t real life, and this was close enough to the bedroom that the thought of being owned by this

sinful, tattooed man made me whimper. I was instantly wet, my vagina clenching like it was hungry for his cock. The club was a safe public space where no penetration would happen, but in that moment, I desperately wanted him to penetrate me, to plunge inside me while I dangled from the chains, his hands on my hips and dick in my pussy the only things keeping me upright.

I think Jace could tell, because his breathing grew ragged as he held me against him. My hips jerked against him, and I felt the telltale press of a boner against my miniskirt-clad ass. "You like that?" he asked, nudging me just subtly enough that it didn't cross the line.

I nodded.

"You want more?"

Again, frantic nodding. Because yes, I wanted more. Everything, in fact.

But it was the club, and all he could do was pepper my upper back and ass with blows from the flogger. After five minutes, he released me from the restraints, but I was far from satisfied. I watched the rest of the night's play with my thighs pressed together, as if that could relieve the ache in my pussy.

A reckless urge overtook me toward the end of the night. Jace was working over some new girl, making her moan, and it made me wonder: Why did this have to stay in the club? What if I actually welcomed it into my bedroom?

So I walked up to Jace after the set and stood on tiptoe to whisper in his ear: "Want to own me again? At my place?"

He did.

An hour later, he was knocking on the door of my studio apartment. I was nervous, so I'd spent time cleaning and setting the scene. A few candles burned on the nightstand, and the bed was cleared of all blankets. The cuffs I'd felt brazen enough to purchase months before were attached to the bed frame.

The second he walked in the door, the energy of the room shifted. It was like all the power went toward him, leaving

me trembling and weak. He didn't break eye contact as he slowly unbuttoned his black shirt.

"Here are the rules," he said. "One: Your safe word is 'butterfly.' Use it if I go too far. Two: You will obey every order I give you. Three: If you aren't okay with me fucking you tonight, tell me now."

My inhalation was shaky. This kind of abrupt expectation-setting wasn't something I was used to, but the assertiveness with which he said it turned me on. "Yes to sex," I managed to say. "With a condom."

He nodded. "Of course." Then he stripped his shirt off, leaving his leanly muscled torso bare to my gaze. He inhaled, and then he squared his shoulders, and I knew the scene had begun. "Take off your dress," he said in a low voice.

My dress was short, black, and tight. It was the kind of dress that would show panty lines—which meant I wasn't wearing panties. Or a bra. I stifled a grin at the thought of the surprise awaiting him.

I toyed with the hem, then slowly dragged it up, revealing my bare crotch. His eyes fixated on it, and his mouth opened, as if he was imagining tasting it. Feeling aroused and emboldened, I pulled the dress the rest of the way over my body, then cast it aside. I shook my hair loose and put a hand on my cocked hip. "Well?"

He stalked toward me, and the promise of wickedness in his eyes was almost too much to handle. "Turn around," he said.

I did as he commanded. I was standing next to the bed, and when his hand pressed between my shoulder blades, I gladly bent over, my forearms resting on the mattress while my ass stayed in the air. In this position, I was presented to him, my labia parted so he could look between to my opening.

His hand landed on my ass with a smack. I jerked, then shoved my butt back for another hit. "Greedy girl," he said, smacking me again and again. The sting was delicious, warming my skin



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and making me shiver. “What toys do you have?” he asked.

I had a museum-worthy collection. “Nightstand drawer,” I told him.

“Stay there.” As I was bent over, desperate for his fingers or cock inside me, he opened the drawer and started pulling out toys. If it vibrated and went in or around my pussy, I owned it. He laid them out neatly on the bedsheet, his fingers trailing over them. When they settled on a silver butt plug with a jewel on the end, I stiffened.

It was a fantasy purchase, not something I thought I’d ever use. But when he moved behind me and started rubbing my clit with firm fingers, I stopped caring what he might put where. “Yes, please!” I gasped as he massaged my sensitive nub. He circled more firmly, then pressed two fingers to my vagina entrance and pushed. I moaned as his thick fingers entered me.

“So wet,” he said, pumping those fingers in and out. “And so tight. I bet your ass is even tighter.”

He uncapped the lid of the lube from my drawer and doused the end of the

butt plug. A brush of cool lube painted my puckered asshole, and then the cool metal met my opening, and he started to push.

I’d never done this before, but it was so fucking hot. He went slowly, waiting for my body to get used to the intrusion before taking each new inch. As the plug penetrated, I felt stretched and vulnerable: an obedient girl ready to take whatever her master told her to.

At last, the plug was fully seated. It was an odd sensation, but a good one—my body felt heavy and full. I breathed

into the sensation, trying to relax.

“Good girl,” Jace said, stroking a hand over my back. “I’m going to lick you now. Don’t move.”

Within seconds, he was on his knees behind me. His tongue danced over the protruding end of the plug, and then he was licking my vagina and clit. I shivered and rocked my hips against him, trying to shove my clit into his hot mouth.

He slapped my ass. “Hold still.”

Despite my shivers, I gave in, resting my head on my arms again. Jace was a considerate lover, and as he explored and played, the tension in my body started to loosen. Somehow, despite the metal plug inside me, I needed more.

He seemed to know it, because soon enough he stopped licking me and went for a condom wrapper. He turned me around and pushed me back on the bed, then yanked me to its edge by my hips. Then he gave me his cock, sliding that thick length in an inch at a time.

The plug added pressure from behind, making my vagina feel tighter. The penetration was mind-blowing, and when he was all the way in, I arched on the bed, pinching my nipples for an extra burst of sensation.

“You like this, greedy girl?”

I nodded frantically.

He pulled out a few inches and shoved back in, short and sharp, and I whimpered. It was so tight, and I’d never before had my vagina pressed so firmly against the entire length of a cock. When he pulled almost all the way out before thrusting back in again, I moaned and pinched my nipples harder.

Jace’s head fell back, and his mouth opened like he was having trouble breathing. “So tight,” he said, stirring his hips so his dick rubbed me in exquisite ways. Then he reached for the arsenal of toys again, grabbing a slim little vibrator. It clicked on and started buzzing, and when he rubbed it against my clitoris, I shrieked. The sensation was shockingly intense, since I was already stuffed full of both

**“THE STING WAS
DELICIOUS,
WARMING MY
SKIN AND MAKING
ME SHIVER.”**



him and the plug. The vibrations rocketed through me, sparking sharp pleasure in my clitoris that reverberated through me.

Jace pumped his hips, fucking me with firm, even strokes while he manipulated the wand with the precision of a master. I was overwhelmed, my lower body heavy with sensation, and as his thrusts grew harder, I gripped the sheets in my fists and held on.

"Has anyone ever owned your pussy like this before?" he demanded, gripping one of my bent legs to gain more leverage as he furiously fucked me.

I shook my head.

"Say it."

"No one's ever owned my pussy like you do."

I could see how much the words excited him. His thrusts grew rougher, which only made me feel more of the plug and the vibrator and his perfect cock. My body tightened almost unbearably, and then an orgasm blasted through me, making me scream and shudder.

He fucked his way through my orgasm, drawing it out, before he gave in to his own. His cock sank deep, and then he was shaking, too.

I thought he would stop then, but after he pulled out and disposed of the condom, he returned to the bed with a wicked look in his eyes. "Now that that's out of the way," he said, "it's time to tie you up and explore this toy collection. Let's see how creative we can get."

—V.V., via email

❶ BLUSHING BRIDE

My best friend and her fiancé issued one another free passes for their bachelor and bachelorette parties. One last wild weekend of debauchery before walking down the aisle.

As maid of honor, it was my job to



fulfill the bride's every wish. When she expressed interest in a guy at the club we went to on our first night out, I acted as a go-between and got them together on the dance floor. Later on, I walked back to our table and found Sheila's head bobbing enthusiastically in his lap. She was kneeling on the leather banquette and upon further inspection, I could see her partner's fingers pumping into her pussy. Sheila had opted to go commando that evening, giving her date easy access and me an eyeful.

They seemed to be having a good enough time on their own, so after landing a playful swat on Sheila's ass I headed back to the dance floor.

Later that evening, Sheila fell into our cab with a woman the rest of us hadn't met. When her new friend pulled down the top of Sheila's dress to expose her breasts, one of the other bridesmaids entered into the fray. She leaned over and sucked Sheila's nipple into her mouth, beckoning the other girl to do the same on the other side. They both suckled on Sheila until the cab pulled to a stop in front of our hotel.

During our ride in the elevator, the new girl ducked beneath the hem of Sheila's dress and started eating her out. I learned that her name is Amber when Sheila screamed it.

We had a bit of the ride to the top floor where our suite was, so this time I decided to join. I rolled down the top of Sheila's dress and palmed her breasts. Every time her hips hitched due to Amber's work down below, I pinched

Sheila's nipples. Now it was my name falling from Sheila's lips.

When the elevator doors opened on our floor, we covered Sheila enough to get her across the hall. Once we got inside the suite, Amber was first at the bar. She mixed up a bunch of fruity pink shots and we all toasted the bride-to-be.

After a couple more rounds of shots, Sheila bounded into the pile of pillows that littered the sunken living-room floor. Following her lead, the rest of us abandoned our drinks and joined her on the floor.

By the time the rest of us settled in, Sheila had already taken off most of her clothes. She eyed us all expectantly, making it clear that she wanted us to shuck our clothing as well.

Sheila reclined on the pile of pillows like a royal, watching us intently as we all tossed our clothes to the side.

Amber was the first to move toward Sheila. She stroked the sensitive underside of Sheila's arms, causing her to writhe and twitch.

Aiming to keep Sheila steady, Megan and Lisa moved to her ankles. They massaged her calves and slowly made their way up her thighs. The closer their hands got to Sheila's vagina, the more restless she became. Her hips lifted off the floor, presenting her pussy as though trying to implore one of us to give it some attention.

While the other girls massaged Sheila's limbs, I kneeled behind Sheila's shoulders and leaned over to place my hands over her breasts.

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Her pert little mounds fell to the side, leaving a clear path from her cleavage all the way down to her pussy. I slowly stroked the sensitive skin, enjoying the pinkish-red hue that colored her skin as I continued to rub.

It seemed there were hands on every bit of Sheila's body *but* her pussy at this point. Her arms, legs, and breasts were all well attended-to.

A wet spot appeared on the blanket that bunched between Sheila's thighs. Although her arms and legs were restrained, Sheila still managed to move her hips, wiping her arousal all over the light cotton throw.

"It looks like Sheila's ready to take someone between her legs," Megan said. "Whose mouth do you want, Sheila? Mine? Amber's?"

Sheila's eyes fluttered open. Tilting her head back, she looked up at me and said, "I want you, Lisa."

Who am I to refuse the bride?

I moved away from Sheila's shoulders, leaving Amber to take over massaging Sheila's breasts. When I nestled between

Sheila's legs, I found the wet spot on the blanket was nothing compared to what collected within Sheila's slit. Arousal was positively seeping out of the girl. The clear, slippery liquid coated her folds and seeped into her ass crack. Even the inside of her thighs glistened with wetness.

That just wouldn't do. Like a good little maid of honor, I set to work cleaning Sheila up—with my tongue, of course. I started my laving over her thighs, wiping every last bit of the tangy juice off of her legs.

Then I moved closer to her slit and trailed my tongue along either side of her labia. The warm, fleshy folds were soft to the touch, all but begging to be devoured. I sucked her plump lips into my mouth and worked my jaw to massage them.

Much to my delight, more delicious pre-come spilled from Sheila's center. I turned my attention to Sheila's vagina, intent to lap up those juices before they had a chance to spread. I swirled my tongue around her hole, then I sealed my lips around it and sucked.

Sweet nectar spouted into my mouth and coated my tongue. The more I sucked, the harder Sheila's hips bucked against me.

When her movements grew a bit too wild, Megan and Lisa stepped in. They placed their hands on Sheila's hips, pushing them back down onto the floor. As if that wasn't enough to drive Sheila wild, they both began to stroke the sensitive skin stretching between her belly and her sex.

Though Sheila continued to twitch, she didn't have the power to break free from Megan and Lisa. Instead, Sheila had no choice but to succumb to our wishes.

Keeping Sheila still opened a world of possibilities for me. Now that I didn't have to follow her slit up and down, I was free to sample her sex however I pleased. First I swept my tongue between her folds. I licked her up and down and side to side, pulling her lips wider with every pass.

Slowly, I found my way to Sheila's clit. I pressed the flat of my tongue to the nub and kneaded the sensitive little bundle of nerves.

This time when Sheila tried to lift her hips, she succeeded in breaking free from Megan and Lisa. She pressed herself against me, working her hips against my mouth to set her own rhythm.

Sensing that Sheila was looking for a little something more, I slipped a few fingers inside her, spreading her walls wide.

"Oh fuck, yes," Sheila groaned. Her legs grew stiff, then her hips slammed back onto the floor.

Then Amber chimed in, "Come on, Lisa, give the bride the orgasm she wants."

"With pleasure," I replied.

I closed my fingers, slipping deeper inside Sheila to search for her G-spot. Once I located the spongy spot on her wall, I pressed against it, working my fingers in tiny circles to awaken the nerves underneath. At the same time, I laved my tongue over Sheila's clit,



increasing the pressure with every stroke.

The more Sheila moaned, the faster I pumped my fingers into her. It wasn't long before moans gave way to screams. Her muscles rippled and twitched beneath my touch, guiding me in my effort to find the perfect pattern that would blow Sheila's mind.

When Sheila's hips lifted again, I snuck my free hand beneath her ass. The pre-come that collected earlier had left her crack good and slick. I slid my finger between her cheeks to collect those juices and once my digit was good and wet, I slipped right inside Sheila's back door.

"Holy fuck," Sheila screamed.

By now Megan and Lisa had accepted their efforts were wasted trying to hold Sheila still. Instead, the stroked her skin, skating their fingertips overly Sheila's hips, thighs, and belly.

At the same time, Amber continued to play with Sheila's breasts. She alternated between kneading and pinching. First she gently rubbed her hands over the globes, creating a pleasant sensation as she warmed the skin and tissue. Then, as soon as Sheila's body relaxed, Amber gave Sheila's nipples a pinch, making her jolt back to Earth.

Amber and I made a pretty great team. After a while, I didn't even need to glance up from my post between Sheila's legs to know what Amber was up to. All I had to do was pay attention to the way Sheila's body moved. If her hips bucked wildly, it was a safe bet that Amber was playing with Sheila's nipples. If her ass sank deep into the cushions beneath us, Amber was probably massaging Sheila's tits.

The thing is, every time Sheila's ass lifted and fell, my hand had to follow. Sheila's tight little ass basically took me as its prisoner, and it was up to me to take back control. Using my hand that pumped away at Sheila's pussy, I pushed her hips back down onto the floor.



"THE CLOSER THEIR HANDS GOT TO SHEILA'S VAGINA, THE MORE RESTLESS SHE BECAME."

Her hips continued to twitch, but I wasn't about to let her budge. Instead, I wiggled my finger inside her asshole, marveling at how I could feel the movement inside her vagina as well.

Sheila really liked that. Since she couldn't move her hips, her legs began to twitch. Her thighs trembled, warning of Sheila's imminent explosion.

But I wasn't done with the bride just yet. While my fingers fucked, my mouth continued to lick and suck. Sheila's clitoris swelled between my lips. She was hot and throbbing, so close to an

orgasm I could taste it.

Figuring Sheila needed just a tiny push to bring her over the edge, I decided to hum a little tune against her clit. After another quick swipe of my tongue to make certain Sheila was good and wet, I closed my lips around her bud and hummed the first few bars of the *Bridal Chorus*.

Before I could finish the song, Sheila was gushing like a fucking faucet, giving a whole new meaning to the verse *here comes the bride*.

I licked every last bit of come from Sheila's pussy, enjoying how even a light touch of my tongue made Sheila's overly sensitive body jolt beneath me.

When she finally caught her breath, Sheila looked me in the eyes and said, "I want to do that again...can we invite the bellboy from downstairs to join?"

I laughed. "Your wish is my command."

.-B.P., Las Vegas, NV

Send your stories to: Penthouse Letters, Department DD, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



➤ SUCK A WHAT?

🔑 OFFICE POLITICS

I've always loved giving blowjobs. There's something about having a guy's dick in my mouth that just makes me feel powerful. Working in an office full of young, cocky men proved to be too tempting—after one very long late-night meeting I offered to relieve a bit of the tension.

My boss Jack was no stranger to the magic my mouth could work. His eyes lit up when I whispered that I wanted to offer my services to our overtaxed team members. After sitting me in a chair at the front of the room, Jack called for everyone's attention.

"Gentlemen!" He waited until every eye was on us to continue. "We have a special treat for anyone looking to unwind. You've heard of spin the bottle. Well, tonight we have spin the Becca."

Much to the delight of the rest of the men, Jack spun the office chair to illustrate his point. Hoots and hollers echoed around me, but their faces were all a blur. It was just as well—I wasn't going to be able to see who I sucked anyway.

Jack continued to talk while I spun. "All we need to get started is a blindfold. Then I'll spin the chair again and whoever is lucky enough to stand in front of my beautiful assistant will have the pleasure of fucking her mouth. And it *is* a pleasure, gentleman. I've fucked the pretty little pout many times, and I can attest that nothing makes me feel better after a long day's work."

Grabbing hold of the chair, Jack brought me to a stop in front of Bill from accounting. Bill stepped forward, loosening the knot of his tie as he walked. He didn't stop until our legs touched, then he leaned forward and placed the thick strip of silk over my eyes, careful to block my vision entirely before tying it off at the back of my head.

After Bill stepped away they spun the



chair again, making it impossible for me to know who would step forward next. No one grabbed the chair this time and it took several rotations before I slowed to a stop.

Someone shuffled forward and grabbed the collar of my shirt. Gripping the material, he tore the shirt open, sending buttons flying across the room. I could hear them skitter across the conference-room floor, leaving behind physical evidence of our late-night debauchery. Large, rough hands scooped up my breasts and lifted them from the cups of my bra, exposing them to the cool office air.

My nipples beaded up, making me wish those hands would come back to give them a pinch. Instead, someone new stepped forward. His finger brushed my cheek as he swept a stray lock of hair away from my face. The gentle caress was my only clue that this was a different man than the one who disrobed me. His fingers were thinner and more delicate. Unlike the first man who acted rough and rushed, this one cradled my head in his hands as he slowly slid his dick between my parted lips.

He wasn't exactly a mouthful, but that suited me just fine. I liked that I could swirl my tongue around his girth with

ease, eliciting several hissing sighs from the mystery man I was sucking off. He pumped into me in quick little jerks, making his peach-fuzz-covered balls bounce softly off my chin. A twitch of his fingers was the only warning I received before hot come surged into my mouth.

His ejaculate was hot and thick. The salty-sweet liquid slid slowly toward the back of my mouth and dripped down my throat.

I hardly had a chance to swallow when he slid from my mouth on a groan and turned my chair to the right. Someone new grabbed me as I licked the last of the cream from my lips. This guy didn't even touch my face. The only skin-to-skin contact made was mouth-to-dick, the tip of which pressed against my lips, wiggling in an effort to ease them apart.

Happy to oblige, I let my mouth fall open in welcome. This dick was longer and thicker than the last. The tip hit the very back of my throat and even without using my hands I could tell there was more to come.

Fine by me. I relaxed my throat, opening myself as wide as my body would allow.

That really got my new partner riled up. Fingers raked through my hair,

**“HIS FINGER
BRUSHED MY
CHEEK AS HE SWEEP
A STRAY LOCK OF
HAIR AWAY FROM
MY FACE.”**

tugging so hard my scalp began to sting. I didn't mind—I liked the pain. It was a fun little reminder to let my partner take the lead, and boy, did he. His hands held my head steady while he drove into me with abandon, making the chair move with every thrust.

He pulled out so quickly my mouth remained agape. Confused, I leaned forward, searching for the dick that was in my mouth mere seconds before. Then hot spurts of liquid landed on my chest and neck, revealing the mystery man's intentions.

“You wanna mark me?” I asked. “Let me help you.”

I placed my hands on my chest and spread his seed over my skin. Groans and gasps echoed around me. One guy to my right sounded particularly affected. Suddenly my chair swung in that direction, stopping so abruptly I nearly fell out of my seat.

I barely had a chance to part my lips before hot, sticky come squirted over them, seeping inside my mouth and coating my tongue. I let the liquid drip off me for a moment, making sure he was finished before licking my lips clean of the last of his juice.

Then a voice to my left growled, “It's my turn.”

The chair whipped around again and I slid back in the seat. Before I could scoot to the edge of the chair, the tip of



a dick breached my lips. This one had a large, flared head. It was thick and throbbing, forcing me to relax my jaw so I could take him in deep.

For a second, I considered how fun it was to map all the differences of each partner's dick using my mouth, then my partner pounded into my mouth so hard it erased all rational thought from my brain.

The guy who'd fucked my mouth mere moments before had nothing on this man. He didn't grab hold of my body because he didn't have to—his hands were already gripping the back of my chair. Rather than move his hips against me, he rolled the chair forward and backward, using its wheels to slide my mouth along his shaft. When that wasn't enough, he climbed onto the chair with me, placing his knees on either side of my thighs.

Keeping his hands planted firmly on the back of my chair for balance, he drove his dick into my mouth hard and fast. My eyes teared up, wetting the silk tie so that it stuck to my skin.

Tilting my head back on a groan, I leaned back as far as I could to give his shaft ample room to move in my mouth and throat. I was plastered against the back of the chair now, completely immobile with nowhere left to go. Still,

he drove into me, massaging the inside of my cheeks as he pumped his girthy shaft in and out of my mouth.

When the rough rider came, I thought the chair would fall backward. His final thrust was so powerful it knocked my head back against the seat again, nearly sending us flying onto the floor.

Fortunately, someone stepped in and stopped us. I could feel the hard resistance of someone gripping the back of the chair, making certain we remained upright as my partner heaved and panted over me.

Only after my partner crawled from my lap did I feel the person keeping us steady release his grip on the chair. I braced myself and prepared to be spun again, but this time my seat remained firmly in place. Instead, I could feel the man moving from behind me and stepping to the front of the chair.

Knowing the drill, I allowed my jaw to drop, welcoming him inside. For the first time that evening, I knew exactly who was moving inside my mouth. The crown had barely passed between my parted lips when I realized that my boss was taking his turn. Jack and I have indulged in carnal stress relief together for a number of years—even blindfolded I could identify his dick with a simple

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swirl of my tongue.

Not being able to speak, what with my mouth being full and all, I did the only thing I could think of to let Jack know I recognized him. You see, Jack really loves it when I hum while I blow him. After several years of hooking up between meetings, we even had a favorite song. With that in mind, I swirled my tongue over Jack, licking him thoroughly from base to tip. Once his cock was nice and slick with my saliva, I hummed the first few bars of his favorite song.

Groaning, Jack paused, taking a moment to simply absorb the subtle vibration I made with my mouth. By the time I reached the second verse he was moving again, but this time his rhythm matched my own. Long notes were marked with slow, even strokes, while faster, more staccato sections yielded a fast and powerful series of pumps.

We followed that same pattern for a while—me humming his favorite tune while Jack expertly matched my rhythm. I'd thoroughly enjoyed blowing our entire team that evening, but there was something nice about ending with a

familiar fuck. I know what makes Jack tick and what way to move my tongue over him to bring him to his knees.

Hot, thick come poured into my mouth as I hummed the final chorus. I swallowed what I could, then licked the rest off his dick, swirling my tongue around him like a popsicle in danger of melting.

Once the last drop of come slid down the back of my throat, Jack slid his erection from my mouth and removed my blindfold. I looked down at my chest and torso, smiling to see that my body glistened from all of the semen spread across my skin.

Not bothering to wipe any of it off, I got dressed and bid my coworkers a good night, absorbing the looks of admiration I received as I walked out the door. Though most probably assumed I was headed home for a shower, that couldn't be further from the truth. No, I planned to pleasure myself thoroughly, allowing the feel of their dry come on my skin to fuel my fantasies.

—Mandy K., Denver, CO

📀 RADIO DISC COCKEY

Once upon a time, I began my broadcast journalism career on my college's campus radio station. Yes, I'm aware that probably no one listened—maybe ten people max during the day—and as an underclassman, I invariably got stuck with the graveyard shift from 11PM-6AM, so I couldn't even count on my roommates to listen since they were probably partying, sleeping, or trying to score during those times—not necessarily in that order!

Back then, I was far from what anyone would think of as “confident”—I loathed any kind of public speaking or presentations in front my classmates; however, I loved to do comedy bits on the air. I was always writing up jokes and whatnot in my spare time, aspiring to be like Howard Stern or even George Carlin back in the day.

Otherwise, I was your basic skinny white dude with wild curly hair that might remind one of Sideshow Bob from *The Simpsons*. Ever the dork, I had my nose buried in books and my eyes trying to wander down the blouses of hot chicks when they weren't looking at me—which was usually most of the time! At least I wasn't still a virgin by the end of freshman year, thanks to a sympathetic “cougar” who happened to be the divorced wife of a family friend. There isn't much of a story there; we were both drunk at the 4th of July bonfire and I probably lasted a total of thirty seconds.

However, eager to make up for lost time and atone for my pathetic sexual record, I began consuming lots of porn in my dorm to see how long I could make myself last while jerking off—it became like going to the gym or any other type of exercise. Could I make it through one or maybe two *Penthouse* pictorials before losing it, or would a hot centerfold knock me out with just a



single sexy close-up? Sometimes too, late at night alone and a little bored at the radio station, I would have a set of music to play, and I'd make it my challenge to see if I could hold my load until the end of a longer track by The Who, Pink Floyd, or Depeche Mode. I'd like to think that all this "hard work" ultimately paid off—and that one of the reasons my wife fell in love with me is because I can go all night.

Anyway, our story begins with me, the intrepid dork-cum-hero, sitting in the disc jockey booth one night. Mercifully, I wasn't secretly jacking off at the time—I was testing out a new comedy bit that I'd written the night before. It was 3AM and the rest of the building was totally dark—so I had the reasonable expectation that I was alone, as usual, and probably no one was listening.

However, when I finished my bit, and started playing a CD, I heard someone—a woman—laughing. I jolted forward and knocked over a pile of CDs—and there was this gorgeous blonde peering in the booth at me.

She had long hair with bangs just like Stevie Nicks, acid-washed jeans—which were a thing at the time—and a tank top on with clearly no bra at all. It was hard to peel my eyes away from her nipples—she had to have at least a C-cup, too.

"Hey!" She knocked on the glass. "You're pretty funny!"

I grinned and sat there with my mouth half-open like a total fool, rendered completely mute in the moment. With that, she waved and walked away, carrying her leather jacket.

She was clearly way too cool for me—but I was hooked. I didn't know her name, and I'd never seen her before. All I could do is hope she'd maybe show up again, or I'd run into her.

Two long weeks and several back issues of *Penthouse* passed me by. I started to wonder if the blonde in the tank top was merely a hallucination at 3AM because I was lonely. Finally, it was



"JENNA'S LONG LEGS WRAPPED AROUND MY PUNY WAIST AND PULLED ME CLOSE AND TIGHT."

a Saturday night and I was half drifting off in my chair, playing some progressive rock drone—and then there was a knock at the glass.

"Hey!"

I rubbed my eyes—and there she was again! I still smiled and probably drooled like an idiot, but at least this time I waved back, and then she came into the booth. She had on go-go boots, a denim mini-skirt, and that tank top again with the missing bra.

"H—hi." I cleared my throat and sat up.

"Well, hello. I heard you in here a couple weeks ago."

"Yeah—I remember."

She smiled at me. "I'm Jenna."

"I'm—"

"DJ B. Dangerous?" Jenna giggled.

I laughed, "Don't mind my stage name. You can just call me Brandon. It was, like, my grandfather's name."

"Oh, OK," she nodded. "That's a nice name."

I tried not to look at her boobs, but it was even harder to not stare deeply into the floor tiles and try to disappear. I had

to have been totally pink in the face, too, but I knew I'd never forgive myself if I blew it now. "So, Jenna, are you, uh, in the broadcasting club, too?"

She shook her head. "No, but my ex was before he graduated. We were all in a band with some people here, and he lost our demo tape, so I've been snooping around, hoping to find it in one of these piles without anyone thinking I'm stealing stuff."

"Oh," I said, registering the fact that she was single. "Uh, I can help you. There are a few old boxes behind the speakers that I've never even gone through."

Long story short, we found her precious tape before the end of my first music set.

"Wow! I really can't thank you enough," Jenna said.

"It's my pleasure." I felt myself sinking a bit thinking she'd be gone now—but then she said:

"Can I stay and hear your bit?"

"S—sure!" I sputtered.

I put on my headphones and flipped the switch to begin my little on-air comedy segment. I was so consumed with my notes and where I was going that I didn't notice at first that Jenna was teasing me.

She was sitting directly opposite me in the other chair with her legs wide apart. I blinked and did a double take as she moved her leopard-print thong panties to the side and exposed her pretty pink lips and a little hint of blonde pubes. Then Jenna started to touch herself.

I was in the middle of saying: "And just real quick, the overnight low here is going to be...uh..." I was so taken with

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the sight of Jenna playing with her pussy, my voice trailed off. I don't think I ever finished reading the weather, but I do know I went from absolute zero to harder than concrete in a tenth of a second!

I glanced down at my notebook with piles of hand-scrawled jokes, thinking maybe I'd try to keep going like normal.

But suddenly, Jenna was kneeling beside my chair.

I couldn't ask her "What are you doing?" on the air, but I gave her that look.

All Jenna did was smile—and unzip my pants. I felt her breath on my bulge through the cotton of my boxers and then her hand unbuttoned the closure.

I didn't know what to do other than keep going with the bit and pinch myself in case this was a dream.

Gorgeous Jenna stroked my shaft, watching in delight as my face contorted and I tried to keep my composure. And then she began sucking the head, tracing slow circles around my foreskin. I gripped the arms of my chair until my knuckles were white...rambling on and on...

"Oh—my—uh, sorry ladies and

gentlemen, we need to, uh...we'll be right back after some more great—oh God...great rock." I switched off my mic and played whatever I had next in queue.

Jenna giggled, looking up at me.

"You're a very naughty girl," I teased her.

"Well you're a very sweet guy," Jenna patted my thigh and slipped down the straps of that infamous tank top, finally revealing her gorgeous orbs.

"Wow..." This time I didn't even try to stop staring. "You're gorgeous, Jenna." I just blurted it out.

"I PLUNGED INSIDE OF HER TO THE HILT AND BURIED MYSELF BALLS-DEEP."

She giggled again—and blushed a little: "You're so cute..." She kept sucking and stroking me, gradually taking more and more of my shaft down her throat. And just as I'd hoped, she teased my dick with those boobs, squeezing it in the middle of her cleavage while she sucked on the head.

And now that I wasn't on the air, I could really enjoy—and run my hands through her incredible blonde hair while she worked.

It's a small wonder that I didn't blow my wad quickly, just given the circumstances and the fact that she was the hottest woman I'd ever been with—but my "endurance training" meant I had plenty of sexual energy to burn yet. Her blowjob and titty-fucking skills were off the charts—but I knew I wanted to be balls-deep in that pretty pink pussy that teased me moments ago.

"Oh Jenna," I groaned. "I want you so bad."

She looked up, her sky-blue eyes sparkling with mischief. "Then you better hurry up and have me."

I helped Jenna stand up. She unzipped her skirt, leaving nothing on but her go-go boots—and yes, my jaw hit the floor and fell several stories. I had never felt so hard before as I helped her onto the table and entered her standing up. Jenna's pussy was tighter than a vise. "Oh my God!" I moaned.

Jenna's long legs wrapped around my puny waist and pulled me close and tight. I plunged inside of her to the hilt and buried myself balls-deep. We fucked hard enough to send several piles of CDs tumbling to the floor—and we might've made the current song skip a few times; ah, the days before digital! Her tits flopped all around, and I kept trying to kiss them and catch them in my mouth. I couldn't get enough of her.

Jenna dug her nails into my shoulders as her pussy muscles tensed up: "Oh, yes! Ahh! Brandon, fuck me!" I felt like such a total stud making her come hard,



and I kept going until she finished. Then as I felt my own load building, I pulled out and managed to come all over the nearby turntable.

My aim and prowess have improved even more since those days—but even after twenty-five-odd years, several different radio stations, and two kids later, Jenna still never lets me forget about my dorky college disc jockey days—and the nights we spent alone in the studio.

—M.B., via email

HORSE PLAY

If you're lucky, you've got a good friend or reliable ex-lover you can go to for sex troubles. Karen was both of those for me.

I went over to her place, she poured wine, and I told her what was wrong. I was seeing a guy named Vincent, and I was serious about him. The problem was, I was an oral sex neophyte when it came to men.

As a bi woman I'd mostly had long-term relationships with other women. The guys I'd fucked had mostly been one night stands. Somehow I'd never acquired a cocksucking talent, and men who were going to be gone the next morning never pressed me about it.

"Vincent and I have slept together twice now," I said. "He's great in bed. He went down on me both times. I was afraid to reciprocate. I mean, I just don't have that skill set in my sexual toolbox!"

Karen leered. "Does he give good head?"

"Great. But could we focus on my predicament?" I took a big swallow of wine.

Karen too was bi, with more experience with men than I had. We'd had a good relationship, and I was glad we'd stayed friends. She thought for a minute, then got up and held out her hand to me. I followed her into her



familiar bedroom.

When she moved toward her sex toy drawer, I said, "I didn't come over for a nostalgia fuck, Karen."

She didn't bat an eye. "I'm not offering one. But this requires a very physical demonstration. I can't just talk you through it." She fished in the drawer and came up with two strap-on dildos. "Which size is Vincent?"

I pointed to the bigger one. "Lucky you," she said and peeled off her top, exposing her lush tits. Helpless desire stirred in me. She took off her jeans but left on her panties. Then she buckled on the fake cock. I thought of all the times she'd fucked me with that rig, then pushed the thoughts away. I too had to focus.

"You want to stay dressed like that?" she asked. "This is going to be physical work. You might want to strip."

I hesitated but then did as she'd done, undressing down to my panties.

"Okay," Karen said, getting on her bed, "let blowjob practice commence."

She spread her legs, and the plastic pliable cock stood straight up. I lay down between those legs. She told me

to get comfortable, use my elbows for support. I settled in. My head hovered just above the fake cock. It really was Vincent's size. I felt intimidated.

"So," Karen said, "there are some nice easy preliminaries you can do before you get down to anything drastic. First, just take him in your hand, squeeze him—gently, but let him know you mean it."

I reached out and did so. The dildo was cleverly designed to have an almost flesh-like texture.

"Vincent'll probably be watching you, so you can create anticipation by gazing rapturously at his cock. Make him think it's the best one you've ever seen."

I imagined him lying before me and felt lust heating my face.

"That's good," Karen said. "Now just lean forward and *breathe* on it."

I sighed my hot breath on the cock, knowing how good that felt on my pussy.

"Now lick him up one side just using the tip of your tongue. Great. Do the other side. Yeah, slow like that. Savor it. Get him really worked up."

When I looked up, I saw Karen watching me with glittery eyes. She

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said, "Yes, look up at him now and then. Most guys like that. Now, give the cockhead a swirly lick."

I ran my tongue over the dildo's bulbed head. Karen said to seal my lips around it. I did that too. Now it was just a matter of sliding my mouth down the shaft. I would feel him twitching, I was told. I should keep my tongue moving. Flatten my cheeks in around him and actually suck--it would create a nice firm suction.

I knew we were getting close to my gag reflex. Karen assured me she would get me through it. But I was also aware that she seemed turned on by all this, like maybe I was actually sucking *her* cock.

Also I realized I was more than a little excited here. My panties were damp.

But we stuck to the lesson. I managed not to choke, and after several tries I overcame my gagging reflex and actually took that fake cock into my throat.

When Karen was satisfied that I was up to speed, she reluctantly ended the demonstration.

"When he comes," she said, "you can either drink his jizz or not. That's up to you." She grinned wickedly. "Personally I think the stuff tastes like nectar."

It had been a weirdly intimate interlude with Karen, but I was immensely grateful for her help. I decided to waste no time, and arranged to see Vincent that same night.

He was a ferociously handsome man, with fine muscles. More than that, he was smart and kind, the sort of person I could see spending a lot of time with.

He came over to my place. We kissed by way of greeting, and familiar excitement coursed through me. I could feel him already stirring.

But he pulled back, tilting his head quizzically. "Hey, are you nervous about something?"

I liked that sensitivity in him. Most men I'd known wouldn't have paused



"I SIGHED MY HOT BREATH ON THE COCK, KNOWING HOW GOOD THAT FELT ON MY PUSSY."

if there was the possibility of sex. I realized then that I felt a little guilty about having gone to Karen that afternoon. We hadn't had sex exactly, but that had certainly been a kind of sexualized scene.

I decided to come clean. I told Vincent about it, which meant I had to tell him why I'd gone to Karen in the first place.

He listened attentively. He already knew I was bi, so there was no shock there. Finally he said, "Wow. You did all that just for me? I'm...touched. You're

quite a woman, Trixie."

We kissed again, deeper this time. Our tongues caressed. I pressed my mouth hard on his. I felt him swelling in his jeans. I knew I'd picked the right guy to get serious about.

I took his hand and led him into my bedroom. My flesh tingled. I felt a nervous anticipation, as well as rising excitement.

I took off my clothes. Vincent stripped too, and I looked his fine naked body up and down. His cock stood straight out, a hard bar, the cockhead swollen and purplish. He really was the size of the dildo I'd sucked earlier today.

There was of course no mistaking what sex act I was going to undertake here. Wordlessly he got onto the bed, lying back, muscled legs open.

I crawled up after him, laying down on my belly between those strong thighs. My face was just above his rampant cock. For two panicky seconds everything Karen had told me vanished from my head, then it all snapped back into place. I let myself grin. I was ready.

I took him in my hand, fingers curling around his impressive girth. I felt the

heat of him, something Karen's dildo wasn't able to simulate. My hand tightened on him and his body shifted on the bed. A low sigh slipped past his lips.

Improvising a little, I gave him a few slow pumps. He throbbed in my grip. As I did it, I was gazing lustfully at his staff. It was something else Karen had told me to do, but I wasn't faking it. I was entranced by the beauty of his cock.

I leaned down a few inches and breathed hotly on him. He grunted with pleasure. With my tongue tip I licked him up one side, then the other. He groaned.

I moved my hand to his balls and gently cradled him. Sexual instincts seemed to be taking me over, but I had Karen to thank for the ground work.

More confidently now, I gave his thick cockhead a swirl with my tongue. The texture was so smooth. His muscles jerked at the contact. A bead of thin precum oozed from his piss-slit, and my tongue lapped it up. The salty taste was intense. I still didn't know if I was going to drink his load or not. I figured I would decide in the moment.

After a long lollipop-swirl on his cock's crown, I closed my lips around him. At that point I lifted my eyes to Vincent's face. Sure enough, he was watching me with rapt intensity. His eyes blazed. He was seeing me with his knob in my mouth, lips made into a cocksucking circle.

He twitched in my mouth. A thrill of triumph went through me. My pussy was streaming and my nipples were hard and tight. I started to suck my way down his shaft. My tongue stayed busy. I felt the individual veins squiggling his rod. His flavor filled my mouth, manly and musky. His balls stirred in my gentle grasp.

I concentrated. I made sure not to break the seal of my lips. I applied suction. My cheeks closed in around him, and he let out a growl of pleasure. I must be doing good so far!

But I was leery about my gag reflex. I tried to remember exactly how it had felt this afternoon. What if I couldn't do it again? What if my throat muscles refused to cooperate?

But this was about more than just mechanics, I told myself. I really liked this man. I wanted to please him, to pleasure him with my mouth.

Keeping that in mind, I sucked him down further, swallowing inch after inch. Finally I took his cockhead into my throat and sucked him to his base. I had *all* of him. I wanted to cheer, but could only make a rumbling sound.

Vincent cried out, "Oh! Humjob me. That's so fucking good!"

From there on I knew I could do it. I lifted and dropped my head. I sucked him hard. I growled deep in my throat, and he really liked that.

The motions put me into a kind of carnal trance. Up, down. Neck straining deliciously. Sucking him down to his

balls every time. When I looked up at his face again, it was twisted in mounting ecstasy. I picked up my tempo, head flashing up and down.

His thighs tightened around my shoulders, and I realized he was seconds from coming. I could pull my mouth away and finish him with my hand. But no. I wanted my first-ever blowjob to end in total victory.

When he howled and started unloading, I swallowed every hot spew of him. Karen hadn't lied. He tasted like nectar.

–Trixie C., via email

Who can resist a trip down South? We want to hear all about your wild adventures. Mail your story to: Penthouse *Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





THE MORNING AFTER

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TRUE CONFESSIONS

BOY NEXT DOOR

When I found out my husband had cheated on me last year, I wanted revenge. But more than revenge, I wanted to feel desired and sexy and experience some ego validation. Since he'd cheated on me with one of his paralegals who is half my age, I was worried that I'd somehow lost my "mojo," even though I've maintained myself over the years. I'm in my mid-forties, and owing to some good genetics and regular exercise, I still have a decent figure with B-cup breasts, smooth olive skin, and short dark hair.

When I confronted my husband about his cheating, he moved out and it looked like we were headed for a quickie divorce. However, by the summertime, he was coming around and wanting to give things another go. I was on the fence, but I agreed to see a marriage counselor and go from there. Our counselor always encouraged making proactive or empowered choices to

cope with emotions, but neither she nor my husband could have guessed what—or whom—I ended up choosing during that fateful summer.

My husband and I have a huge house at the end of a cul-de-sac near a public park. It was the perfect place to raise our 2.5 kids who had all left home by the time we separated. At the same time, many of the houses near us were going up for sale as people downsized or otherwise decided not to live in the suburbs. The house next to ours had been on the market for almost a year when it finally sold in June to another couple with a college-aged son named Robert.

I watched them move in through my kitchen window and found myself fantasizing about this hunky younger guy. I don't usually find myself feeling so "lecherous," we'll say, but it had been so long since I had sex, and Robert looked like one of my fantasies incarnate.

Robert was a walking sheet of lean muscle as he hoisted boxes and furniture with ease. He had a thick head of dark hair and light blue eyes, just like a fairy-tale prince; in terms of height, he

would have towered over my husband.

Alas, when I came over to introduce myself to the new neighbors later that night, Robert wasn't there. Another week went by, and I still hadn't seen him again. I wondered if he'd gone away, as young people often do for summer jobs or internships, and then I admonished myself for even entertaining the thought of him. Besides, with those looks he would have undoubtedly had plenty of girls his own age hanging around.

Now, to cope with my marriage blowing up, I'd taken up some new hobbies, including gardening. I was often outside for hours tending to my new David Austin roses. One lazy Sunday morning, I was outside pruning my *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, a red climbing rose, which I had growing around the front porch. I was bent over with my denim shorts riding up my rear when a voice startled me upright:

"Hey! Sorry—I didn't mean to scare you."

"Oh, no, that's all right." I turned around and there was the young hunk standing in my yard. I smiled at him: "Call me Alison." I stepped out of the garden bed. "It's nice to meet you." I tried to play it cool and normal, but wow—seeing him up close sent a "zing!" right to my sexual core.

Robert smiled—and just a hint of blush crept across his cheeks. "I wanted to introduce myself. My parents are going to be out of town for the rest of the summer."

"Oh, yes, that's right."

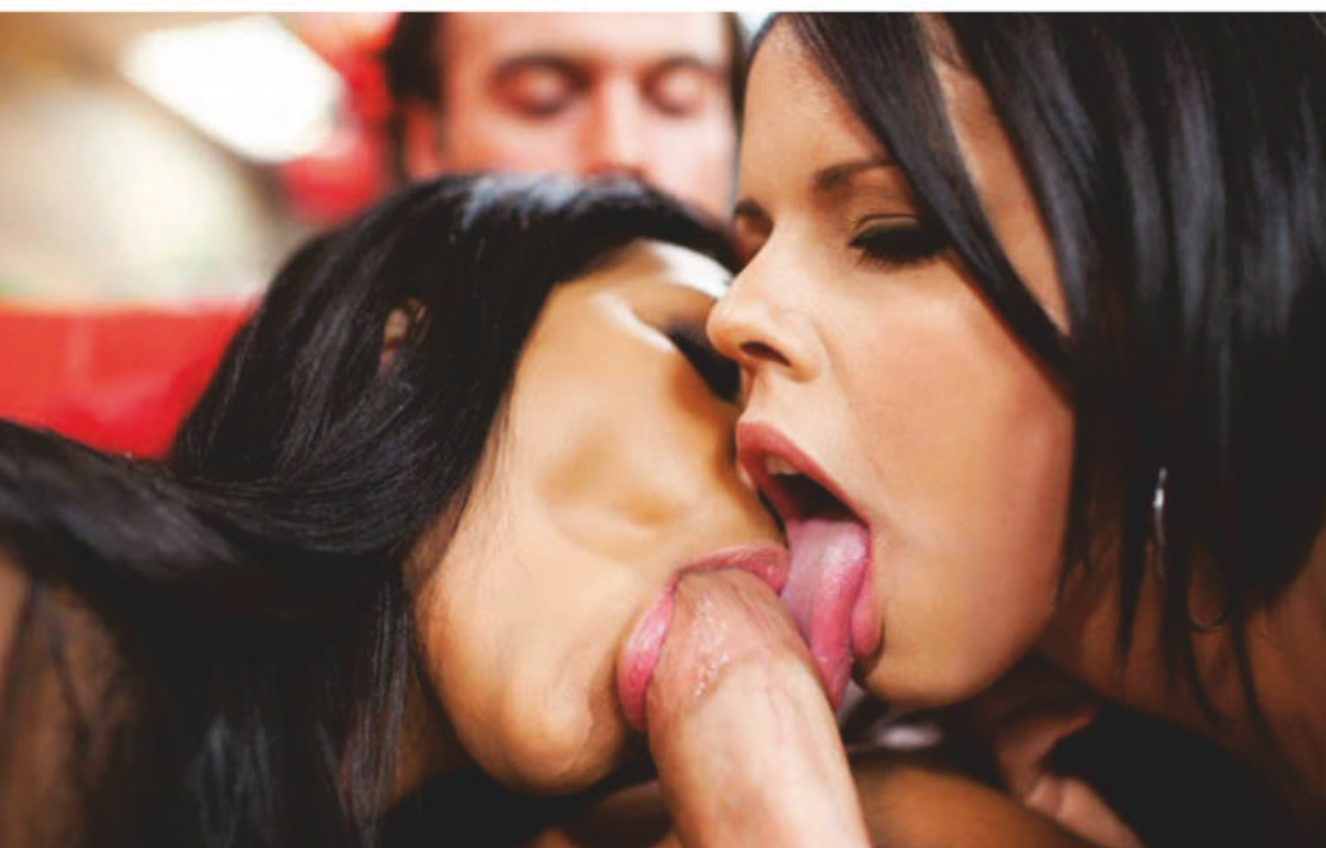
"She told you?"

"I'm jealous—I wish I were going to Europe!" I giggled.

Robert grinned. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, I'm jealous of that nice pool you have going on in the backyard—I mean," he stammered nervously, "not that I'm spying on you! But my room faces that side of the house."

I laughed. "No, it's OK, the properties here are pretty close together."

Robert blushed even brighter. "Well your whole yard is really nice—uh,





great flowers.”

I smiled. “Thank you.” And then I heard myself blurting out: “You know, if you want to use the pool sometime, you’re welcome to it.”

“Really?”

“Of course. It’s just me here.”

“Oh, wow, in that case, if you need help sometime outside—or whatever—I’m, uh, right next door—as you know!” Robert chuckled.

“Sounds good. It would be nice to have a big strong guy do the lifting when my new potting soil gets here.” His adorable nervousness was giving me butterflies in my stomach.

“Well, just knock—I drive the red car, and if I’m home, no problem.”

“OK, I’ll do that.”

Then he suddenly reached over and touched the side of my head. “Hold on—you have a leaf stuck to you.” We looked deeply into each other’s eyes, and I wanted to drop everything and just kiss him there. But in that moment, we both demurred.

“Oh,” I chuckled. “Thank you, Robert.”

“No problem. I’ll be seeing you, Alison—I hope.”

“Me, too.” I smiled and continued to stare off in a daze as he walked back to his yard. I hadn’t felt this kind of rush since my husband and I were in

“I HADN’T FELT THIS KIND OF RUSH SINCE MY HUSBAND AND I WERE IN COLLEGE TOGETHER.”

college together.

But now that I knew the little hunk had a clear view of my pool area—and probably the entire living room if I left the blinds open—I began formulating a very, very dirty plan.

That night, I walked into my living room wearing only a sheer black negligee. I was so turned-on just thinking of Robert maybe watching me that I would have touched myself in bed anyway. But in hopes of maybe having an audience, I switched on the living-room lights, opened the blinds, and settled onto the couch with my favorite dual-action vibrator.

In no time, I was making myself come like I hadn’t come in months! When I

eventually came up for air, sure enough, I looked outside and saw Robert’s bedroom light was on. Knowing the way that the houses on my street are built, he would have been able to see everything.

Feeling even more emboldened, the next day I decided to sweep up around the pool wearing only a tiny bikini and then lay out topless when I was done. Only a few minutes after I’d settled into my deck chair, I heard footsteps by the gate and then a knock.

“Alison?” Robert called out.

I smiled and got up—and without caring who else might see me, I decided to go all-in. I opened the garden gate and greeted Robert with my breasts fully exposed. He was shirtless in jeans and barefoot like he’d just crossed the lawn.

“Come on in,” I smiled.

Neither of us demurred when our eyes met this time. Robert and I reached for each other, our mouths meeting in a passionate kiss. My nipples were already stiff, but the sensation of his warm, muscular body quickly swept me to another sensual dimension.

“Let’s go inside,” I whispered, leading him through the sliding glass doors.

Robert eagerly obliged and pulled me into his lap on the couch. “Goddamn, Alison. You’re so sexy.”

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I grinded my hips and ass against his growing erection. “Well, you make me feel that way.”

We kissed again, and I reached down to unzip his jeans. For a guy who was already a muscular hunk, Robert’s massive cock was a cherry on top of so many genetic gifts. I could barely fit half his shaft down my throat. Robert caressed my hair and face tenderly as I devoured as much of him as possible and worked the rest of his shaft with my hands.

He sat back, groaning in pleasure, but clearly in control. “Alison—Ali—wait.”

I let him slip out of my mouth and stroked his dick, spreading my glistening saliva all over his shaft. “Hmm?”

“I really want to fuck you. When I saw you stuffing your little pussy with toys last night, all I could think about was being inside you.”

“I want that, too,” I said, licking my lips. I stood up and untied my bikini bottoms, letting them fall.

Robert grinned and reached around to cup my ass. “And this butt you have—mmm, when I saw you out there gardening, I wanted to take you right there by the roses.”

I kissed him. “Well, I’m all yours now, Robert.”

Robert pulled me back into his lap, so we started off with me riding him—which helped me get used to his above-

“MY NAILS DUG INTO THE UPHOLSTERY AS HE FUCKED ME DEEPER AND DEEPER.”

average endowment. I hadn’t felt stuffed so full in ages! My ass cheeks slapped furiously against Robert’s thighs as I impaled myself over and over.

However, eventually Robert wanted to take me from behind—and how could I blame him? I bent over the cushioned arm of the sofa, which was just perfect for showing off my ass and legs to their most ardent new admirer.

Robert kissed my neck as he began to plow me from behind—and I swear, I was seeing stars just seconds later. His size plus the angle of his thrusts were setting off every alarm between my clit and G-spot. My nails dug into the upholstery as he fucked me deeper and deeper.

I moaned louder and louder: “Oh, God! Robert! Don’t stop—don’t stop!”

He slapped my rear playfully and cupped my breasts as he picked up the pace. Just when I thought I couldn’t take it anymore, I felt two of his thick fingers reaching down into my wetness and plucking my clit. And that’s when I came the hardest I’ve ever come and went limp in his arms. Robert came, too, but pulled out and decorated my bottom with strands of his creamy load. Covered in sweat—and thoroughly satisfied—we both crumpled onto the living-room carpet together.

“That was amazing, oh my God,” I whispered.

“I’m glad,” he whispered back. “I hadn’t been with anyone since my ex-girlfriend.”

We spent the remainder of the summer having a hot little affair. There was never any pressure or grand design; it was just a mutually supportive rebound arrangement. Eventually, I did decide to forgive my husband—but not until after Robert went back to campus that fall—and not until he also agreed that I deserved to have some fun of my own going forward.

—A.B., via email

DEBUT PERFORMANCE

A year ago, my marriage was on the rocks. That’s not a flattering thing to admit, but it’s true. My husband and I had been married for twelve years, and the initial sexy spark had long since died, replaced by kids, a mortgage, and bills. It was impossible for either of us to feel hot after a long day of work followed by more long hours caring for the kids. The only time we were alone together was late at night, when all we wanted to do was sleep.

John and I had always been a highly combustible sexual pairing, so the drought in our bedroom really worried

me. I told my best friend about my concerns, and she had a suggestion: Pay for a sitter once a week, go to a hotel room, and live out our filthiest fantasies. Not just the humdrum fantasies like “an hour alone for missionary sex” or “a blowjob”—she suggested we take the time to explore things that would set our sexual relationship on fire again, no matter how taboo they initially seemed. It would remind us why we’d been so drawn to each other in the first place.

With a dying marriage and a boatload of stress weighing me down, I was willing to do whatever it took, even if the expense of a hotel room and a sitter made me pause. But if I wasn’t willing to invest in my relationship, what was I willing to invest in? So late one night after the kids were in bed, I took my husband aside for a talk over wine. I asked him what his dirtiest fantasies were, the things he’d never felt free to ask me for.

It was awkward at first, but as the wine flowed, so did our imaginations. He’d always imagined tying me up, gagging me, and torturing me with orgasm denial until I begged for his dick. I’d always imagined being slammed against a wall and fucked within an inch of my life, or taken on the carpet so hard my knees were abraded the next day. He imagined a leather corset, and I imagined meeting at a bar and pretending to be strangers before acting out a fake adultery plotline.

We started acting on those fantasies over the next weeks, and as our sex life ramped up, my happiness with our marriage increased. We were stealing kisses like teenagers, feeling each other up surreptitiously at dinner, and having quickies when the kids were distracted. The man I’d fallen in love with all those years ago was back and as ravenous as ever, and although we’d never seemed to have enough time for sex before, somehow talking about our naughtiest fantasies had helped us find the time to fix our relationship.

Two months in, we had another fantasy check-in. What was working, what we needed more of, and additional fantasies we’d been too scared to say out loud the first time. I took a deep breath before admitting the thing that had been bothering me for way longer than I was willing to admit: “I want another woman in our bedroom.”

I’d never had sex with a woman, but I’d always admired and been attracted to them. I’d laughed it off as a normal response to sexualized advertisements, as if the clenching of my pussy was just a reflection of the value American culture placed on female beauty. By the time I figured out I was a burgeoning bisexual, I was already in a long-term relationship with my husband. I’d never gotten to try being with a woman, and while my husband was everything I wanted, a rebellious part of me had wondered for a long time what would have happened if I’d acknowledged my own sexual preferences earlier.

When I told him this, I expected judgment, but he just hugged me tightly. “I love you no matter what your sexual orientation is,” he told me, and I cried

as a wave of pure love washed over me. This was part of why I’d loved him to begin with: As freaky as we’d gotten together, and as strong and handsome as he was, his kindness was the best thing about him.

Then he pulled away and said a few words that thrilled me to my toes. “How do we arrange a threesome?”

Being utter squares, we Googled it. Craigslist seemed terrifying, and neither of us had freaky friends, so we made a FetLife profile to meet other kinky people. We decided the best thing to do was hit up a swingers’ mixer and talk to others about how they’d gotten started.

A few mixers later, we had a target for our first threesome. Her name was Jackie, and she was in a polyamorous relationship with an older couple. She was a decade younger than us, with a beautiful figure and a smiling open-mindedness that was incredibly charming. I held my breath while John propositioned her for a night together, and then, to my delight, she agreed.

We met at the hotel John and I had been using for our fantasy nights. I didn’t have any sexy lingerie anymore—another



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problem that needed rectifying—so I lay naked in bed while John paced in front of the door, waiting for Jackie's arrival. She showed up on time, all smiles and bubblegum sweetness, but when she took off her coat, she was wearing wicked lingerie and a garter belt beneath.

We laid the ground rules. Both John and I would like to sleep with her and with each other. We would use condoms if he penetrated her. At any point, any of us could say we were uncomfortable, and the entire evening would stop.

I might have been nervous, but Jackie was confident. She crawled over me, and when her hips rested against mine, I shivered. She kissed me deep and hungrily, and while it was strange at first to kiss someone in front of John, I got caught up in it soon enough. Our tongues stroked each other; she tasted like peppermint.

Jackie's hands roved over my chest, fondling my breasts and tweaking my nipples with the perfect pressure. She kissed down my neck, then sucked a nipple into her mouth. My hips jerked, and

as our lower halves pressed together, my vagina throbbed with pleasure.

John moaned and started masturbating beside the bed. Knowing he was watching—and maybe a little jealous—made everything even sexier. I'd been self-conscious about my body for years, but seeing John's arousal and feeling Jackie's enthusiasm, those insecurities melted away.

Jackie shifted to straddle my thigh. Her pussy rubbed over me, leaving a streak of wetness against the skin. My body responded, and as moisture gathered between my thighs, Jackie placed a hand down there and started rubbing.

It was like being struck by lightning. Her dextrous fingers worked me over, sending pleasure shooting through me. When she sank a finger into my pussy, I moaned.

Jackie grinned at John. "Join us," she said.

They conferred briefly over me, but because Jackie was still fingering me, I couldn't concentrate on what she was saying. The next I knew, John was on top of me with his penis hovering over my mouth. I lunged up and sucked it

eagerly, waiting for him to lean over and lick my pussy in return. Instead, I felt Jackie's agile tongue against my clit. The angle John sat at meant his cock went deep into my throat, and I gratefully sucked him, hardly able to believe this was happening.

Jackie pulled back eventually, then sat upright. As her fingers pressed inside me, she shared a kiss with John. Knowing he was probably tasting my pussy on her lips, I whimpered.

John maneuvered us until Jackie was lying face-up on the bed with me over her in the 69 position. My first taste of pussy. I licked straight through those wet folds, reveling in the salty, musky taste. I'd never dared to dream about doing this before, but now that it was happening, I couldn't get enough. I buried my face in her slick pussy, moving my tongue and face in ways I knew a woman liked, and then Jackie's tongue traced my own clitoris, and I shivered.

John positioned himself behind me, kneeling at Jackie's head. His penis pressed against my entrance, and then he was pushing in, fucking me from behind while I was still 69ing with Jackie. As Jackie's tongue danced over my clit, John gripped my hips and pumped in and out, taking it deep and slow. I moaned into Jackie's vagina, then sank my fingers into her, wishing she could feel what I was feeling.

She could, I realized. I could be the one underneath while John fucked her.

It was a strange, taboo thought, but we were already in a threesome. What did it matter if John's dick penetrated someone else? Even the thought of it riled me up, making me wetter. Soon, I was on the brink of coming. "Harder," I begged both of them.

They obliged, and I orgasmed all over John's dick and Jackie's face. Jackie licked eagerly, taking every drop of moisture my body offered.

When it was done, I asked them to stop. Then, feeling bold, I sat aside and





told them what I wanted. “John, I want you to fuck Jackie the same way.”

He grabbed a condom without any argument, and then it was my turn to lie back while Jackie crawled over me. With her luscious ass and pussy over me, I buried my face between her legs, licking and nibbling until she moaned loudly.

I knew the moment John penetrated her, because she gasped and surged forward. I gripped her ass, holding her in place while John pumped in and out. His cock was so close to my face, glistening with another woman’s juices, but I couldn’t see the details of the penetration, although my tongue brushed against the base of his dick. Still, being this close to their fucking affected me. As Jackie licked and fingered me, I squeezed her butt cheeks and licked her clit as if it were my only purpose in life. John and I were a team—we would make her come together.

Jackie screamed and shook. Her clitoris throbbed beneath my tongue, and there was something nearly holy about being this close to her orgasm. I’d had countless orgasms in the past, but now I felt her trust for the gift it was.

With Jackie sated, John stripped off the condom, settled between my legs, and fucked hard. When he came, Jackie was kneeling behind him, whispering filthy words in his ear. His hot semen poured into me, and I arched and took it all, then took my own pleasure as Jackie’s clever fingers rubbed my aching clit.

We lay together afterwards, totally content, and while it might have sounded strange with three people in the bed, I’d never felt closer to my husband. Getting a little kinky truly

“HER PUSSY RUBBED OVER ME, LEAVING A STREAK OF WETNESS AGAINST THE SKIN.”

saved our marriage.

—T.R., via snail mail

❶ A LONG TIME COMING

I’ve had a crush on my brother’s best friend for as long as I can remember. From the time he sweetly shared his ice cream cone with me after I dropped mine on the pavement to the day we stood by my brother’s side at his wedding, I have secretly admired Ben.

As the best man and maid of honor, Ben and I shared a lot of responsibilities. We’d been psyching each other up for months, planning an elaborate entry dance and bouncing ideas for our speeches off one another. But the moment we looked forward to most was after the speeches—when our obligations were through and we became free to drink and have fun.

Finally, we made it to the end. In a moment of camaraderie, we decided to hit the bar for celebratory drinks. Tucked away in the corner, away from the prying

eyes of family and friends, a few friendly shots somehow turned into a game of truth or dare.

When it was my turn to question Ben, I said, “Tell me a secret you’ve never shared before, or take off your pants and head to the center of the dance floor.”

Totally fair choice, right?

Ben leaned in to whisper in my ear. “The truth is that I’ve wanted you for a long time. All of you. I’ll even give you a bonus truth: I’ll gladly take off my pants for you if you ask me again.”

My eyes grew wide. This was definitely not the answer I’d expected—though it was definitely the one I wanted. Swallowing past the dryness that seemed to glue my tongue to the roof of my mouth, I whispered, “Take off your pants for me.”

Smiling, Ben took my hand and led me from the ballroom.

We burst into the hallway and found ourselves alone. Laughing, we made a mad dash for the bridal suite and closed the door behind us. As soon as the lock clicked shut, Ben was on me. He fanned his long fingers over my waist, pulling me close as his lips descended upon mine.

Moaning, I pushed my hips against him, shamelessly riding his leg while he kissed me. On the inside, I was screaming with joy. After all these years, I finally knew what it felt like to feel Ben’s body against mine.

I moaned again, but rather than swallow the sound, Ben moved on. He kissed a path down my neck and feasted there for a while, alternating between kissing, licking, and sucking. I melted beneath his touch, hitching my leg higher on his hip in a desperate bid to remain standing.

Ben lifted his lips from my neck long enough to throw me against the wall. Grateful for the extra support for my wobbly legs, I leaned back and allowed Ben to take the lead.

He bent down and grabbed the hem of my gown, bringing the skirt up with

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him as he rose back to his full height. Fisting the material in his hands, he rested it at my hip, leaving nothing but a flimsy little thong to cover my mound. Though he'd left me exposed, Ben didn't seem to have any further plans to move south. He went back to kissing me, dipping his tongue into my mouth and tangling it with mine.

Ben's free hand moved around to my front and slipped inside my thong. His fingers played with my curls, stroking lower until he finally dipped between my legs. His digits slipped inside my slit, spreading the juices that collected there.

When the tip of Ben's finger breached my hole, I tilted my head back on a sigh. My head was swimming, but one thought kept pushing through—I *can't believe this is finally happening*.

I spread my legs wider, sliding down the wall in an attempt to drive Ben's finger deeper. My hands skimmed over Ben's body, taking in his rock-solid abdomen and the strong plane of his back. Then I tangled my fingers in his soft black hair, using my grip on his head to direct his lips back to mine.

"Fuck it," Ben growled against my mouth.

He dropped to the floor, allowing my skirt to fall with him. Rather than lift the material again, Ben ducked underneath,

**"HE GRIPPED MY
WAIST, GUIDING
MY BODY'S
MOVEMENTS AS
HE PUMPED
HIMSELF INTO ME."**

tenting the skirt that was entirely too small for his broad body. I could see him moving beneath the flimsy purple chiffon, his head bobbing between my thighs.

Callused hands skimmed over the inside of my thighs and swooped around to my backside, giving my cheeks a firm squeeze. Palming my ass, he pulled me forward, causing me to cry out when his lips closed around my clit. Using his hand on my ass to keep me steady, Ben sucked me through the thin material of my thong. His tongue flicked at my clit then swirled over the bud, creating a dizzying pattern that made my knees buckle.

As if that wasn't enough, one of Ben's hands slowly crept down my crack, entering my slit from behind. He

wiggled his fingers, making sure they were nicely nestled inside. Unlike some men who operate under the *one finger at a time* policy, Ben's whole hand got in on the action. He was quick and agile, massaging my folds so that my skin seemed to sing.

When Ben finally slipped not one finger, but three inside my pussy, I really lost control. My legs gave out on a groan, and despite Ben's valiant attempts to hold my ass up, I slid down the wall.

We landed in a heap, rolling and writhing against one another. After fighting with the material of my gown for a bit, Ben emerged from beneath my skirt. "I wish I could rip this damn thing off of you," he growled.

I did, too, but I couldn't exactly slip on a change of clothes and return to the party. Instead we settled for rolling the skirt up to my hips again.

A puff of chiffon obscured my vision, making it difficult to see what Ben was doing below my waist. He tickled my skin as his thumbs hooked around my underwear's elastic waistband. He tugged the garment down, grazing my skin with the band on its journey south.

Ben stood and slipped the underwear into his pocket. "I'll hold onto these for now," he said with a smile.

He walked to a chair sitting off to the side and turned to face me, holding my gaze as he unbuttoned his pants and let them fall to his feet. Then he sank into the chair, spreading his legs as wide as the material around his ankles would allow. Holding his arms open, Ben looked at me and said, "Come here, **NICKNAME**."

Heat spread from my chest all the way up to my cheeks. Hearing my nickname fall from Ben's lips while his thick cock bobbed before my eyes was something I've waited a long time to experience. I couldn't help but pause to savor the moment.

Ben patted his knee, breaking me from my trance. Suddenly my legs



began to move beneath me, slowly carrying me to my lifelong crush who was waiting for me to mount him. I stepped in between his legs and bent to kiss him, then I hiked my skirt up over my hips and swung myself onto his lap.

I hovered over Ben for a moment, taking another mental snapshot of his mussed hair and swollen lips. The tip of his cock tapped at the space between my legs, reminding me that we were here to do a hell of a lot more than just look at one another. I reached between us and took hold of his joystick, moving it over my slit until I felt the tip touch my hole.

Ben was right where I wanted him. Bending my knees, I impaled myself on his cock. I took a breath and closed my eyes, focusing on relaxing my muscles so I could accommodate his girth. Ben is thicker than what I was used to, and I could really feel my muscles work to fit him in.

Once I'd taken Ben as deep as my body would allow, I opened my eyes again. A smile tugged at the corner of Ben's lips. "I think we're a perfect fit," he murmured.

He kissed my chest, then he moved to my neck, and finally to my mouth. Fucking Ben was everything I'd imagined and more. Sweet and sexy, it was a perfect moment. The slight tinge of pain that came from slipping his thick

cock inside me had already faded and I realized that Ben was right—the fit felt exactly right.

Before I could extend my legs to slide Ben's cock from my depths, he began bouncing me on his lap. My feet lifted off the floor, making it impossible for me to match his rhythm. Instead, I tossed my head back and gave myself over to the sensations, allowing myself to simply enjoy the ride.

Ceding control was a heady experience. Ben bounced me on his cock hard and fast, making it difficult to catch my breath. He gripped my waist, guiding my body's movements as he pumped himself into me.

Every bit of my body felt warm and tingly. My walls clamped down, robbing me of breath again. Heat radiated from my core like tiny little flames were licking across my skin. I didn't want hot and fast anymore, I wanted to go slow, stoking one another's desire until we both came apart together.

I wound my arms around Ben's neck and pulled our bodies close. He leaned back just a bit, angling his hips so that his cock surged forward inside me.

"Ahh," I groaned.

The change of pace was exactly what my body needed. Long, slow thrusts gave my pussy a chance to feel the difference between the ebb and

flow of Ben's cock. He slid himself out one agonizing inch at a time, causing my walls to slowly contract around the newly empty space within. When he eased back inside, those tight muscles were forced to stretch again, making them spasm in their rush to accommodate his shaft.

Then there was the fact that drawing our bodies close placed pressure on my clit. Every time Ben rolled his hips against mine, his body pressed against my clit, massaging the aching bud.

It was more than I could take. I screamed again, then I came like a fucking fountain, spurting my juice all over Ben's lap.

He wasn't far behind. Another hard thrust had Ben coming hard inside me. His legs twitched beneath my ass while he unloaded inside me, filling me to the brim.

After we caught our breath, we cleaned up and headed back into the party—but not before making plans to meet again later that night.

—B.B., via email

Do you have something you need to get off your chest? Take off your clothes and tell us about it. Mail your story to: Penthouse *Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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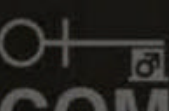
TOP TEN WAYS TO SURPRISE HIM ON VALENTINE'S DAY

10. Roadhead!
9. Have a staycation and get a hotel room.
8. Have sex before dinner.
7. Edible panties!
6. Send him a series of nude selfies while he's at work.
5. Videotape the action.
4. Try a new toy (for him!)
3. Bring a horsewhip into the bedroom.
2. Get into some light bondage.
1. Bring him home a threesome.



Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...



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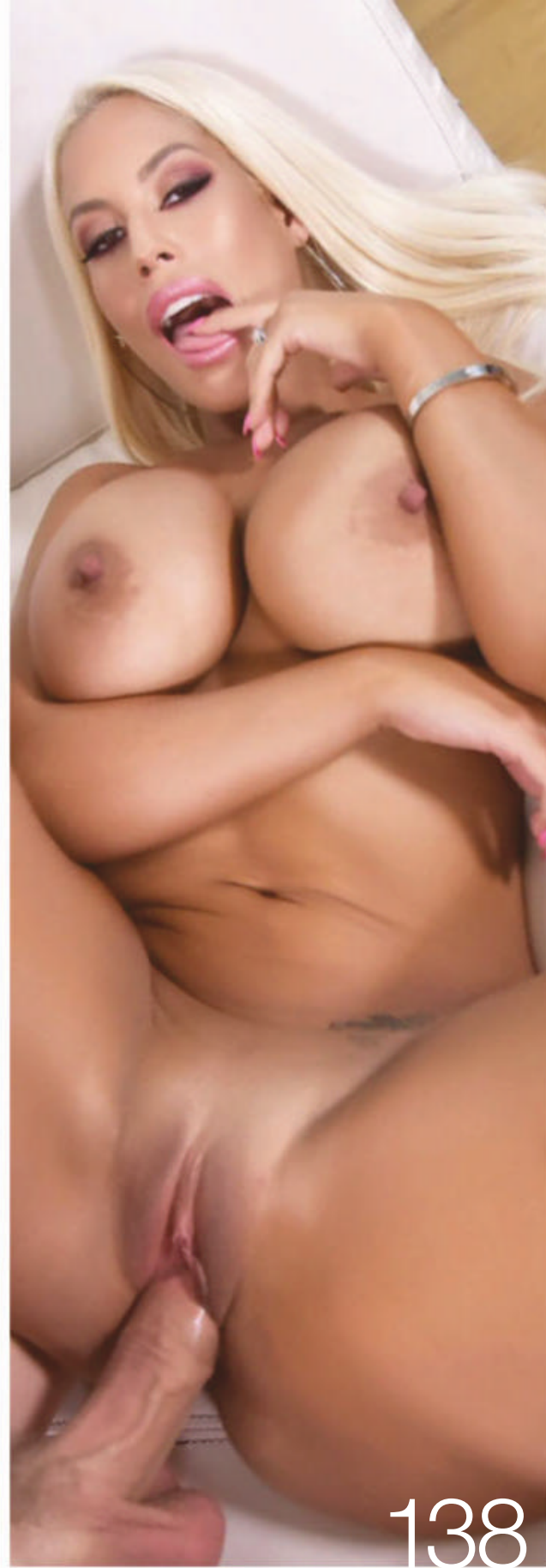


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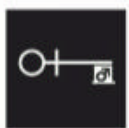
VARIATIONS

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VARIATIONS

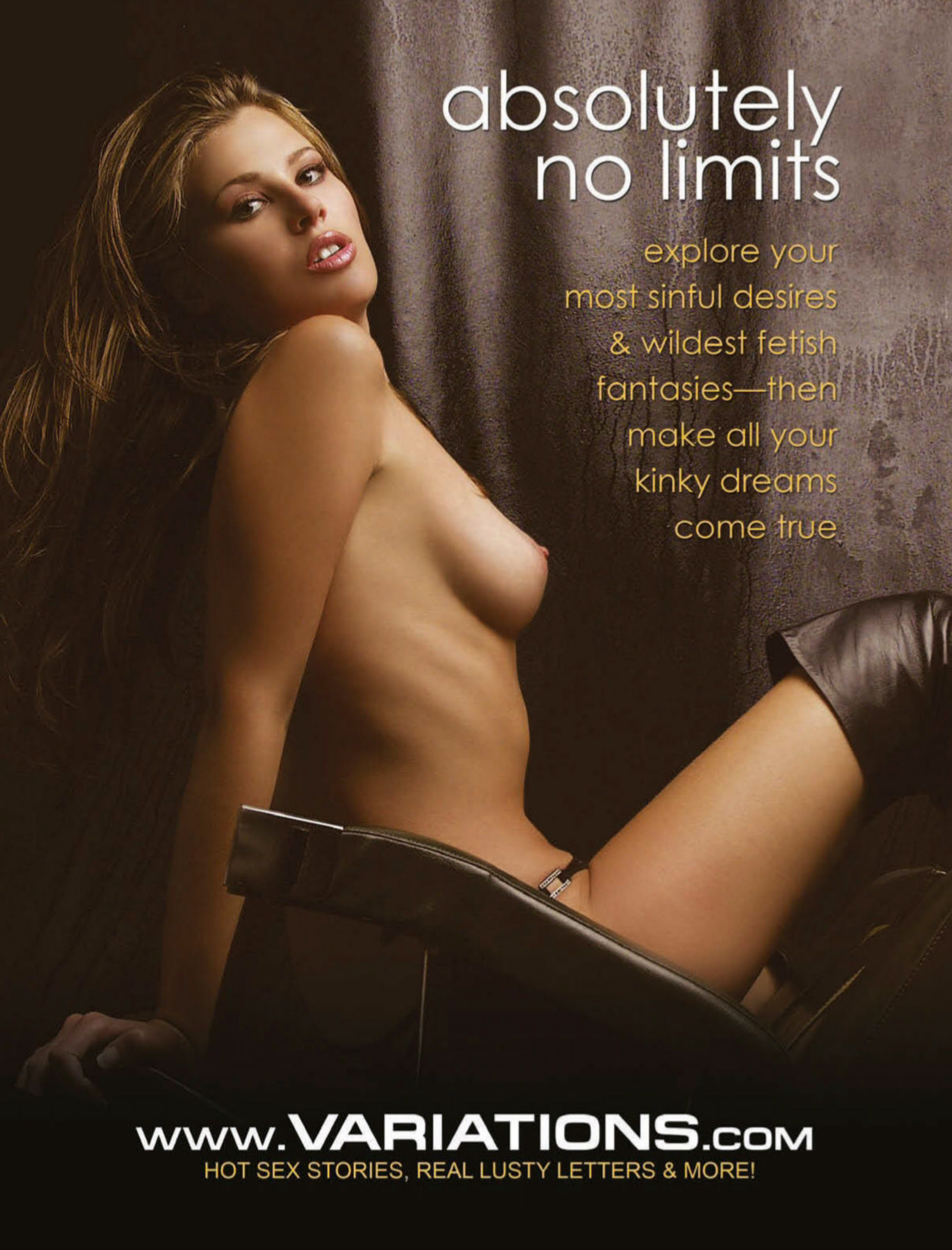
EDITOR'S NOTE

VALENTINE'S Day is here and what better time is there than this sexy holiday to reveal your most secret sex kinks to the one you love? If you haven't opened up about your deepest, darkest desires by now, we suggest unlocking your heart and letting it all out.

We hope you enjoy this extra-kinky addition of *Variations* featuring "Butcher's Block Special" and "Kat's Anal Obsession". No spoiler alerts here! Now, flip that page and dive into the fun.

Got something wild you need to share with us? Send your sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com





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▽ FETISHISM LETTERS

❶ MIRROR FETISH

I'd hit the club in hopes of snagging some hot dude. The guy I'd lured was extra hot, with a movie star face and an underwear model's body. As he undressed in my bedroom, my eyes roved his skin hungrily.

"You got a mirror?" he asked, looking around.

I quirked an eyebrow, tossing away the last of my own clothing. "You want to check your hair before we start?"

He was still looking. "No full-length mirror on the back of your closet door?"

He could see there wasn't. His name was Jacob, and for the first time I wondered if I'd made a mistake bringing him home with me.

"There's a mirror in the bathroom," I said, a little cautiously now.

Jacob grinned. "You want to do it in the bathroom, then?"

"Uh...got a perfectly good bed right here." I gestured at it unnecessarily.

"Yes. But no mirror. I like to fuck in front of a mirror." Suddenly he looked

away. "Oh. Maybe you think that's weird. I'm sorry. It's just...my thing."

"Like a fetish?" I felt a strange sympathy for him, like he had some minor disability. Then I thought what a stupid thing that was for me to think.

Jacob nodded, looking ashamed. When he'd stripped, he'd had a raging hard-on. Now he was beginning to droop. "Look, I'm embarrassed now. Would you mind if I just bailed? I really like you, Wendy. You're a beautiful

woman. Maybe we could try this again some other night? No foul if you don't want to."

Hurriedly he dressed. I made sure to at least kiss him before he left. He had nice lips. I told him I'd call him, and I meant it.

When he was gone, I realized I'd never had a potential one-night stand go sideways like that. I'd put on a robe while he had dressed. I wandered around my apartment with my hands in the pockets now, considering the situation.

He liked to fuck in front of mirrors. Was that like a *thing*? Did other people get turned on by that, to the point of obsession like it had seemed to be with Jacob? I shrugged. Could be. Kink came in all sorts of styles, I'd always understood. I wasn't judgmental.

But I'd never had sex before a mirror. What was it like? I thought I might be too self-conscious. I continued pacing about, restless, not least because I hadn't gotten the screw I'd been expecting.

I discarded my robe in the bedroom and walked into my bathroom, feeling a tickle of naughtiness. The mirror was next to the shower. I stood naked before it. My nude body was nothing new to me. I liked my shape. My tits were high and firm. I had a taut butt and good general tone.

I ran my hands up my flanks, over my ribs. I let them stray onto my breasts. A small heat awoke in me. I cupped my tits and gave them a soft squeeze. My nipples stirred. Excitement rose like goose flesh.

My gaze stayed on the image in the mirror, even though instinct told me to look away. Where did that impulse come from? Was it some misplaced guilt? I played with myself all the time and never felt bad about it.

But now I was *watching* myself do it. That naughty vibe persisted. I was liking it more and more. I tweaked my own nipples. I twisted them harder until my

**"I WANTED HIS
COCK INSIDE ME.
I WANTED TO
WATCH WHILE HE
FUCKED ME."**



mouth opened on a ragged cry. I could actually see the arousal gathering on my face. My body grew noticeably flushed.

I slid a hand down my flat belly. I rocked back on my heels, opening my legs slightly. My fingers grazed over my hairless pussy. I felt the dampness in me. My breath came faster. I slipped two fingers up into myself.

I'd fingered my pussy any number of times, but I had never observed myself in the act. My eyes were blazing in my head as I drank in the sight. I looked beautiful, I decided. This was doubly exciting as well. First there was the simple stimulation of my fingers. Second was the vivid presence of my own image.

My fingers worked in and out. My other hand stayed busy groping my tits. I stroked my swollen clit with my fingertips, giving it a flick with my thumb just for funsies. A cry climbed my throat. I watched my come sweep over me like a visible force. The pleasure was amazing. My raw voice echoed off the bathroom tiles.

Afterward I studied myself a moment more. Finally I said to the lovely spent woman, "You should find out what it's like to watch yourself get fucked by another person."

Fortunately, I knew the perfect candidate.

I called Jacob the next day. He was surprised and delighted to hear from me. I said I wanted to see him, and he invited me over to his place that night. When he started to say we didn't have to do anything weird, I cut in: "Jacob, stop. I think it might be fun, now that I've *reflected* on it." He ignored my bad pun.

I showed up right on time. He had a nice place with lots of polished wood. We kissed hello, each had a glass of wine, then kissed again, deeper this time, more urgently. Mutual excitement rose.

We set aside the wine glasses. He took my hand and led me into his bedroom. I wasn't sure what I was expecting, but I had to stop myself



from gaping. Opposite the roomy bed was a huge mirror. It was like a second room abutting this one. I gazed into the massive reflection. I saw the hesitation on his face.

Quickly I said, "It's fantastic, Jacob. Come here."

He came to me. We resumed kissing, standing at the foot of his bed. Our tongues entangled. I pressed my body against his, liking his firm lines. Our hands got busy. I unbuttoned his shirt. He tugged at my top.

Soon we were naked to the waist. It would have been stupid to stop there. He stepped out of his pants and I tossed away my skirt. Now we stood nude together. But we weren't alone.

I deliberately turned and stared right at our mirror images. Jacob looked too, his gaze yearning, eyes afire with special excitement. This was indeed his thing. I touched his cock. He caressed my breast. We watched our alternate selves do the same things. It was an incredible sight.

We moved up onto the bed. The mirror people copied us. Looking back over my shoulder, I beheld my ass in all its supple glory. I checked out Jacob's as well. Awesome. It looked luscious enough to take a bite out of it.

Laying side by side, we ground our mouths together. His tongue snaked against mine as we each tried to lick the other's tonsils. I reached around him and squeezed a chunk of his firm, manly ass. He slipped a hand between us and plucked at my stiff nipples. Pleasure radiated through me.

I rolled my crotch against his. He was thunderously erect. I could feel him throbbing against my abdomen. He started rubbing on me. My pussy was

flowing with need.

Suddenly I had an urge to suck him. I expected to be fucked tonight, but first I wanted an oral sample. I squirmed out of the grasp of his arms. When he saw what I was up to, he rolled onto his back. I slid down between his muscular thighs.

I cradled his balls in one hand, then dropped my mouth onto his cock's thick knob. I swallowed his drizzling pre-come and began sucking my way eagerly down his inches. His flavor filled my mouth. My tongue played skillfully along his shaft.

I looked up and saw that he was gazing intently at the mirror opposite the bed. Knowing the angles, I realized he was looking right at my ass, lifted high into the air as my head was bent to its work. He would see my pussy's gleaming cleft.

As my mouth rose and fell, I gave my hips little waggles, showing off my proud backside. Jacob moaned, either from the fine suction I was giving his staff or from the display I was putting on—either way was fine with me!

After several minutes of a dedicated blowjob, he decided he wanted a taste of me. We switched places. Our movements were easy, almost choreographed, as though we were longtime lovers. I liked that.

As he licked my pussy, sending hot pleasure streaming in me, I watched the spectacle in the big mirror. Now I had a view of his meaty ass. I could see his balls hanging down, the spit-gleaming length of his cock dangling.

His tongue zeroed in on my clit. He teased and batted it and even sucked on it. He was relentless. My climax caught

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➤ FETISHISM LETTERS



me like a riptide, pulling me out to the deep waters of sexual delight. My mirror self came, too. It was amazing to watch.

Jacob lifted his head. I wanted his cock inside me. And I wanted to watch while he fucked me. Plainly he had the same idea.

We got ourselves breadthwise across the bed. I positioned myself on my hands and knees. Turning my head, I got a succulent side view of myself. I was fucking hot, if I do say so. I liked my sexy pose. I proudly flourished my ass.

Jacob looked just as hot. I watched the image of him move in behind me. His chin was still dripping with my juices. There was almost a dazed expression on his face. I knew how he felt. This was incredibly real and yet unreal at the same time. All I really knew was that it excited the hell out of me.

As I watched he put his cock into me from behind. I could actually see him sink those manly inches into me. His hands went to my hips. He gripped me. Then he started stroking into me.

Pleasure boiled through me again, steaming up all the interior parts of me. We were Wendy and Jacob, and also Jacob and Wendy, our reverse doubles who watched us fucking. They leered and panted and feasted on the carnal exhibition. I loved that they were watching.

I saw their every movement. Mirror Jacob fucked Mirror Wendy, picking up the tempo. He pounded her from behind now. I could see the ripples of impact on her lush ass. She was bucking back against him.

They were both at runaway speed. I felt Jacob's come jet inside me. Jacob and I both howled. So did our other selves. Everyone was happy.

—Wendy Hopkins., via email

🕯 SHE'S A SPORT

The day was bright and the skaters were racing along the concrete path that followed the beach. There was plenty of female eye candy elsewhere. I could have girl-watched at the mall, say, and scoped the same percentage of attractive women.

But what made the skaters so alluring to me was that they were out here under the sun, exerting themselves, breaking a good healthy sweat. As they whipped by, I could see the damp T-shirts they wore. I eyed the firm backsides in their tight skating shorts and knew that perspiration trickled in the sweet valleys

of those luscious asses.

I could even sometimes smell their sweat as they passed the bench, and that sent me into a fury of arousal. My cock was like iron in my pants.

I wasn't obviously ogling anybody, however. And I sure as hell didn't make any unwanted comments. I could observe and appreciate these women without being an asshole about it. I wasn't doing any harm, just appeasing my particular kink.

The thing that turned me on most in the world was a sweaty, athletic woman, one who exerted her body, who taxed her muscles until her flesh was oily with her efforts. Then I wanted to lick and suck and fuck her. There was nothing better.

I had discovered this odd fetish (was it *really* odd?) by accident while in college. I'd had a crush on a girl who wouldn't give me the time of day. But there was another young woman who always seemed to be hanging around me.

She didn't really blip on my radar, or else I was too caught up in my crush to notice her. One day I took my frustrations out on an empty basketball court, jumping around, making shots, trying to burn off excess hormonal energy.

Then the hang-around woman showed up. Her name was Hallie. She challenged me to a game of one-on-one. I threw myself into the game, figuring competition would be even more distracting.

But something happened as the game went on. Hallie gave it her all. She was wearing a sweatshirt and shorts. Her forehead started to shine with sweat. Her sweatshirt got damp under the armpits and at the neckline. I got a good whiff of her as we fought over the ball, each trying to block the other's shots.

We got very near one another. Our bodies brushed. Her slick flesh grazed mine. Pretty soon my cock was swelling, and I was seeing Hallie in a whole new light.

Dribbling the ball, she noticed my aroused state. "Are you just happy to



see me, or are you *really* happy to see me?" She grinned.

I tried to cover up, but it was hopeless. This sweaty girl I'd barely paid attention to before now had me totally turned on. She invited me back to her dorm room. She asked if I wanted her to shower first. I said hell no.

When we were naked and rolling around on her bed, her scent filled me up. I licked the sweat off every part of her. I ate her pussy and ran my tongue up her slick ass crack, even delving her sweaty-salty buttocks.

By the time I was actually fucking her, I knew a deep change had happened to me that day. I had discovered something within me I'd never known was there before. I realized then that I was one of *those* people, somebody who got sexually aroused by something "unusual," like people who were seriously into feet or latex gloves.

But I promised myself that I would never let myself feel guilty about my kink. My desire was natural, I told myself. Also, that time with Hallie cured me of my crush on the unavailable woman.

These days I liked to come to the beach, which was only a block or two from where I lived. I liked to watch the women fly by. It wasn't easy creating situations where I could fuck someone who'd just finished a workout or other strenuous activity. When I was up front about my fetish, it sometimes turned a woman off. Still, I made no apologies for who I was.

"SHE KNEW. SHE UNDERSTOOD. AND SHE WAS OKAY WITH MY KINK."

The beautiful bodies continued to stream up and down the path beneath the hot sun. I saw the sheens of perspiration, the wringing-wet sport clothes, and felt desire raging in me.

Suddenly a skate scraped the ground right in front of my bench. I looked up, shading my eyes. A slim but athletic woman stood there, gazing directly at me with a half-grin on her very pretty face.

"See anyone you especially like?" she asked.

"Pardon me?"

"I see you here a lot, on this same bench. I've been up and down twice today and figure you must be clocking all the lovelies. That's cool. I wondered if you'd noticed me."

If I hadn't I sure noticed her now. She was taut as a bow, with a trim musculature. She wore bikini bottoms instead of shorts and a midriff-baring T-shirt. Her skin glistened with dampness.

It didn't take much flirting. She was inviting herself to come back to my place before I could get the words out. We went there, her skating along the street beside me.

Inside my apartment she stepped out of the skates. Before I could make a move, she threw her arms around me and pressed her mouth against mine.

I tasted her sweat as her tongue thrust past my lips. I felt the full slick length of her firm body. When our kiss broke, she said, "You want me to clean up? Am I too dirty for you?" But there was knowing amusement in her voice.

She knew. She understood. And she was okay with my kink.

"I like my women sweaty," I said, leading her into the bedroom. My cock was throbbing crazily now. I shucked my clothes. She started to peel off her T, but I took over. I ran my hands over the moist fabric. I squeezed her lush tits through the material. Then I slowly drew it up over her head. Before tossing it to the floor, I buried my face in it, inhaling deeply. Her scent was sharp, vivid, feminine.

She grinned at my display. She stood there and let me untie the bikini bottoms. Her eyes lit with unmistakable lust as she watched me breathe in the sweet musk of her drenched spandex. I smelled her sex aroma mixed with the sweat. Excitement burned wildly in me.

She laid down on my bed, arms and legs open. I laid down with her and we resumed our kiss. It was furious

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this time, a mad tangling of tongues, mouths grinding hard. I pressed her lips against her teeth.

The heat of her exertions still rose from her like a mirage on a desert highway. I was dizzy with it. I licked at the hollow of her throat and got the first pure taste of her perspiration. It stung my tongue like nectar of the goddesses.

I licked further down to the heaving mounds of her tits. Excitement had her breathing hard. I put my mouth over one nipple, then the other, sucking on them. Her buds were tight stiff points and she made little cries of pleasure when I nibbled on them.

There was so much shimmering flesh. I wanted to taste every inch. I detoured to her underarms, wanting her true raw flavor. She giggled but didn't stop me. I felt shameless. This strange woman understood and accepted me.

I moved down to her tight belly. I lapped at the flat pan of her abdomen. When I flicked my tongue into her belly button for the tiny puddle of sweat there, she squealed with delight.

When I slipped down between her outspread legs, I couldn't help but take the time to lick her smooth inner thighs. She writhed slowly at my touch. My tongue was alive with her tang. Her dampness was all over my face.

Finally, I faced the glorious hairless swell of her pussy mound. I shivered with desire, my cock oozing a steady stream of pre-come.

Again I breathed her in, taking that ripe scent. I unfurled my tongue once more and traced it up and down her outer lips. She quivered. Her heat continued to draw me. I slipped the tip of my tongue past her folds and felt her inner warmth. Her juices were flowing.

I slipped my cupping hands beneath her ass and angled her pussy further toward my face. I jammed my tongue into her now, spearing her deep. Her hot oil coated my tongue and trickled into my throat. It was intoxicating.

I mashed my mouth down on her, my lips on hers. My nose was flat against her wet cleft. My tongue coaxed the slick nub of her clit. She was already responding. I felt her pulsing, so I worked her harder.

Her thighs closed tightly around my shoulders. Her hips bucked. I continued to cup the two swells of her ass as she rocked back and forth. Her hands clawed the bedspread on either side. She came in my mouth. Her fluids splashed over my tongue. I drank what she gave, savoring every last drop.

But I wasn't done licking her yet. I lifted her ass. Her legs rose and she

“MY TONGUE WAS ALIVE WITH HER TANG.”

helpfully drew her knees back toward her shoulders. She was very flexible.

Folded halfway back like that I could finally taste the vale dividing her butt. Fearlessly I put my diligent tongue to it. I tasted her deep essence now. It was like a triple dose of her flavor.

When I licked her asshole, she cried out and whipped through another orgasm. She fell limp afterward.

But her eyes opened wide again as I climbed up on top of her. I set my aching cock to her well-licked pussy and pushed inside. She took me eagerly. Her arms went around my shoulders. She pulled me down into another kiss, unafraid of the residue on my tongue.

I stroked into her. I went on instinct. I sped up, I slowed, I increased speed again. Our bodies came together with sweet fleshy smacks. She built toward another orgasm. We didn't rush it. My own pleasure gathered, then became overwhelming.

I drove my cock deep into her pussy. When she started bucking again, I went with her. I shot a huge load. Afterward, we made plans to make this a regular thing.

—B.L., via email

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your fetish with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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“I LOVE A MAN WITH
STRONG HANDS.”

—MANDA





BUTCHER'S BLOCK SPECIAL

After a long day of work, Janie longs to be put on the chopping block.

By Matt Nates

Janie had been way too high-strung lately. Job upheavals along with life stresses had made her snappy, jangled, and short-tempered. I love Janie, but I'd had enough.

I found her in the kitchen after work, opening and slamming cabinets like a crazy woman. I managed to get ahold of one flying arm and hold her by the wrist.

She turned to me and snarled, "Let me go."

"Calm down, lover."

She tugged her arm away and said, "Don't tell me to calm down. The exact best way to piss me off is to tell me to calm down."

Not only had her stress been high, but our sex life had hit a low. I couldn't seem to get her to see that when you are stressed, anxious, and tired, fucking could be a lovely distraction and a feel-good event.

"Then how about you take a breath, Janie?"

She tried, but it was short and shallow instead of deep and long.

"Just leave me be. I'm trying to make dinner. I'm trying to make dinner *for you*."

"Fuck dinner," I said.

She froze, blinking at me. Miss I'm-pissed-off didn't know what to do with that, now did she?

"What?"

"I said, fuck dinner. And how about I fuck you while I'm at it?" I was imagining the night ahead. It had been a while since we played, and I thought we were long overdue.

"I don't have time—"

I grabbed her wrist again, wrapping my fingers around, making sure to press against her pounding pulse. She was pissed and her heartbeat was like a jackhammer.

"I think you do," I squeezed. "I think you need to make time."

That penetrated the fog of anger, and I saw her pupils dilate slightly. She licked her lipstick-painted lips and sighed. The pulse at the base of her throat banged so hard I could see it.

"Oh—"

"Yes, oh. You need to stop yelling at me, Janie. You need to see me as a friend, not a foe."

"I do!" she yelled. "I'm just—" She wriggled but I held fast to her wrist.

"HER JUICY ASS WAS MARKED WITH MY RED HANDPRINTS."

"Rabid!" She finished, laughing. But it was a frustrated, angry laugh.

I moved her quickly before she could react and pushed her back so she leaned over the butcher's block slightly. I slid my hand up beneath her long dress and smacked her on the ass. Hard.

She barked with a mix of laughter and rage. "Stop!"

I did it again, and then again. I spanked her ass until I felt some of the tension go out of her.

I pulled her skirt down and then her tights. She'd already kicked her heels

off. I pulled her sweater up and over her head and undid her bra. It fell to the butcher's block and I brushed it off. Her long blonde hair hung in her face and she was breathing hard. Her juicy ass was marked with my red handprints. I bent and bit her right on the reddest part. She jumped and hissed, but something in her had submitted.

"Put your belly on the wood," I said. Even as I said it, I pressed her in the small of the back with my hand so that she obeyed. She leaned over the unstained wood as instructed. It stood in the center of our kitchen as a makeshift island. I had access to Janie from all sides, which pleased me.

"Let your arms hang down," I said.

She did. Her toned arms hung down on either side. I rummaged in the kitchen drawer until I found twine. I squatted while she watched, squirming slightly, and tied the twine tightly around her left wrist. I fed the twine directly below the top so that should she try to raise her arms, the twine would catch on the legs. She wouldn't get free until I let her free. I tied her right wrist snugly and tested my work. Now her arms were tethered to one another with enough play that she wouldn't be miserable—just miserable enough.

I got behind her, crowding her a bit. I slid my finger very slowly from the small of her back past the tip of her coccyx and down her ass crack. I paused on the tight star of her asshole and felt her bristling. Then I traveled down to her slick pussy. Without preamble, I pushed two fingers into her cunt from behind.

"I can't help notice that you're calmer and very, very wet, my love."

She nodded but didn't say a word. She was just sprawled there, bound with kitchen twine, while I touched her.



I fucked her with my fingers—slowly at first, then rougher, relishing the way her hot pussy gripped my thrusting fingers. I withdrew from her suddenly and caught her off-guard. She tossed against the wood top, her arms going wide—but only as far as my makeshift tethers would allow. She grunted and gasped, pushing her hips forward, trying to get more contact—firmer contact—with my fingers.

I stopped touching her altogether.

“Please—” she finally gasped.

“Please what?”

“Please let me come.” She bucked again and this time truly strained against her bonds. The twine was thin but strong, and it got her nowhere.

I walked around to face her and smiled down at her.

“Would you like to tell me something first?”

“I want it?”

I shook my head.

“I’m horny?”

I shook it again.

“I need you to fuck me, Sir?”

“Good try.”

Then she froze, eyes narrowing.

“I’m sorry?”

I inclined my head. “Ding, ding, ding. We have a winner. But how about if you try it once more, this time with some sincerity?”

Her face softened and she sighed. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry I’ve been such an asshole. I’m sorry that I’m bringing home all my stress and taking it out on you. I guess I know you’ll love me anyway. Lucky you,” she laughed. But then she bucked again, growing weary of being tied but not getting any pleasure.

“I will,” I said, touching her hair. “But that doesn’t mean I won’t make you pay for your behavior. At least a little.”

I stepped forward, making a show of drawing down my zipper. I tugged my cock free and gave it a few good strokes while she struggled, splayed out like my own personal pretty starfish.

“Open your mouth.”

My stubborn girl was back. She pressed her lips together and looked away.

I tsked, shook my head, and moved behind her again. I delivered a cracking smack to her ass. She cried out and panted. But then she stilled and her legs parted. She was trying to woo me into fucking her.

I gave her six good cracks, relishing the harsh sound in the small kitchen, the cherry redness of her pale ass, the way she mewled and wiggled and cried but never begged.

This time, I pushed a single finger into her pussy and flexed it. She was beyond wet and now in the neighborhood of

drenched. I withdrew suddenly and swept my fingertip over her clit just hard enough that she could feel it, and that was that.

I went to face her again, holding my erection before me like a sword.

“If you want to get fucked—if you want to come—you’d better open that pretty mouth, Janie. And suck.”

Her mouth opened so fast, there was an audible pop. I managed to keep my stern expression, but just barely.

I dragged my cock along her soft, full lips as if painting them. I pushed so that just the tip slid into the warm, velvety interior of her mouth. She opened her mouth to try to gobble me up but I stepped back, staying close enough that she could barely reach me.

She sighed, exasperated, frustrated, but an entirely different kind than work stress. This was sex stress and I wanted to work her up until she was practically frothing at the mouth, then give her my all and watched her release all that stress, all that frustration and rage.

Some part of her knew it, too, but still it was driving her mad. I could tell.

When she’d resigned herself to the fact that she could only press her lips against my tip, that her tongue could only lick me so much, I stepped in fast, pushed my hands into her thick dirty

VARIATIONS

↘ BONDAGE

blonde hair, and drove into her mouth with some force. Her body went rigid until she accommodated by sucking a big breath through her nose.

Her hands tried to come up to clutch the sides of the block, but her tethers held fast. She arched forward, pressing her toes against the kitchen floor.

I slowed some, thrusting into her mouth and then pulling back, taking my sweet time watching my dick disappear into her soft mouth. She forgot to be irritated and started to suck me and lick me with relish. Her tongue made intoxicating swirls along my shaft, sucking my tip with relish. She hummed softly, probably unaware of it, as she serviced me.

I moved in and out a few more times, holding her hair, making her struggle. Then I pulled free and moved behind her—deliberately slow. I rustled through the utensils in the holder and pulled out a spatula.

I moved behind her. She tossed her head from side to side to try to see me but couldn't. Janie let out a frustrated growl and I smiled.

"I think we need to heat things up a little here in the kitchen. What do you think?" I slid the edge of the silicone spatula along the top of her ass crack. When she gasped, I smacked her flat on the ass with it. Five on her left cheek, five on her right. The head of the spatula added a nice melodic *snap!*

"Please, baby—" She struggled to get her words out. Her breath hitched and despite her frustration, her ass arched up as if to invite more punishment.

"Please what?"

She jerked so hard against the twine that her upper body moved off the butcher's block for a moment. I took that opportunity to push three fingers into her pussy. I immediately went to three because I knew, without a doubt, that my Janie was soaking-wet. A river.

I fucked her with my rigid fingers and watched her shamelessly push back to take me. Her pussy gripped my fingers,

rippled, flexed. I'd fucked my wife enough times to know that she was so close to coming, she could taste it. I also knew it was driving her bananas.

"Please, please, please..." She chanted it like a prayer.

The desperation in her voice made my dick ache.

She slammed back, moving the butcher's block a little.

I kept my fingers in her, kept moving them in and out, using the spatula to smack a trail down the back of her left thigh. I watched her skin turn rosy and then red. Watched some of it welt. All the while, she grew wetter and wetter around my thrusting finger.

**"HER HANDS TRIED
TO COME UP TO
CLUTCH THE SIDES
OF THE BLOCK, BUT
HER TETHERS
HELD FAST."**

"Do you want to come?"

She nodded like a crazy woman, head resting against the wood. "Yes, yes, please—fuck! Yes!"

I pulled my fingers out of her pussy and she growled.

"First let me even things up, Janie."

"What do you mean—"

Before she could finish I started smacking a matching red line down the back of her right leg. Every blow provoked a whimper, a moan, or a snarl. She sounded like some wild thing. It was perfect.

I rested my palms against her warm, tortured skin. She sighed.

I pressed my fingers against her wet

slit and when she went lax against the table, all promise of fight gone from her, I slid them inside her sweet pussy.

She moved languidly now. Less frenzy, more need. She moved back gently to take me, chanting "yes" like a mantra.

I pulled my fingers free and slid my index finger across her clitoris. She cried out and I smiled. I gave her a few more strokes, and hoping I was reading her right, I plunged my three fingers back inside her.

She came, caterwauling like a mad woman, her pussy gripping me, milking me. I shut my eyes and listened to her pleasure. Absorbed it.

Her orgasm lasted a while. Every time I thought she was done, another rippling spasm would hit and I'd curl my fingers.

When the final blips of pleasure had ceased, I moved back to look her in the eye.

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, yes."

I could tell by her stance she was getting stiff, starting to ache, getting frustrated again.

I nodded, brushed her hair out of her face, and bent to kiss her forehead.

"Don't fight me, Janie. Relax."

She looked me in the eye while worrying her lower lip with her teeth. Then she laid her head down and let out a sigh.

When I got behind her, I took my time, taking off my pants and my underwear. I made sure she could feel my energy, close but not touching her. Then I grabbed big handfuls of her rosy red ass and squeezed. I spread her cheeks so I could see how wet and ready she was. I brushed my fingertip over her back, and she shivered like she always did.

"Relax," I commanded, touching it again.

She visibly made herself relax.

I pressed my cock against her, making sure she could feel how hard I was. I had been waiting for this moment from the second I'd grabbed her wrist. The wrist that was now loosely but successfully tethered to her other wrist.

Janie whispered something. I couldn't

“THE WET, VELVETY SENSATION OF TOUCHING HER MADE MY HEAD SWIM.”

hear her.

“What?” I stayed poised there, cockhead just resting against her pussy.

“I said, please fucking fuck me.”

I grinned.

I slid into her slowly, making it last for her and for me. The wet, velvety sensation of touching her made my head swim. Her orgasm had caused a flood of her juices, so much so that my entry was audible. Juicy.

I held that wonderful ass in my hands and started to rock. The butcher’s block swayed with my motion, and Janie did, too. She sighed contentedly and then clenched her pussy tightly around me.

I hummed my pleasure, moving a bit faster. I ached to come but had no intention of letting this end too soon.

She moved restlessly. Usually when I took her from behind, she liked to reach back a hand for me. I’d often clasp it even as I banged into her. This time she couldn’t. I had stolen that option with my boring old kitchen twine and my need to pay her back just a little for her attitude.

“Isn’t this fun, Janie? Making you pay?”

She snorted, but her body belied her true feelings. She rippled and flexed around me. Every thrust had me inching closer to orgasm. I clenched my jaw and took a deep breath to keep control of myself.

I moved my hands to her hips, holding them tightly, watching her rosy skin

blanch pale beneath my tight grip.

“Not fun?” I taunted her. I froze, cock buried deep in her pussy, but not moving at all. Not even an inch.

She growled. “Yes! It’s fun. Oh, my God! Fuck me, please. I’m begging. I’m sorry. I’m so very sorry, please let me come. I’ll do anything. Anything!”

And there it was.

“Hold on, love,” I warned.

I tugged her to me even as I thrust. Even the locked wheels on the butcher’s block squealed.

Her toes were barely on the floor and as I thrust, hard and fast and deep, at one point she lifted first one leg, then the other. Her upper body splayed on the wood, her arms still tethered to one another, but her legs were doing their own aerial show. It was like the circus, only bound.

I pressed my thumb against the indentation just at the base of her spine. She’d told me once that somehow, and she didn’t know how, that increased her pleasure.

She gasped, her body quivering.

I massaged her secret spot and slammed my cock against her not-so-secret spot. Her pussy enveloped me, her wetness coated me, and her moans made me half-crazy.

“Come for me, Janie. Come for me.”

I moved my finger to rest it against her back hole. She made nonsense noises and I had to laugh. She was a woman possessed.

My finger already wet from playing in her pussy, I plunged it in her asshole. I pressed so that my cock and finger created dueling friction.

She lost it, coming, both legs lifting off the floor as she screamed out her pleasure.

I was barely hanging on, but I had a finale to the lesson in manners.

I pulled free of her and removed my finger. Using more of her juices, I lubed up her ass and heard her make a little squeak.

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“Tell me no,” I said, pressing my cockhead to her ass.

She said nothing.

I pressed slowly and felt her moving back slightly. To let me in. To take my dick.

I breached her and then stopped. My hands splayed against her lower back as she trembled.

“Do it,” she said. “Come in me, baby.”

That was all I needed. A groan of satisfaction slipped out of me and I started to fuck her in earnest.

I was so turned-on it barely took a dozen strokes. The gameplaying had ended and my pleasure surged as I emptied into her back hole.

She laid there panting as I stroked her back with my fingertips.

“Feel better?” I asked, moving to untie her.

She raised her head looking sex-drunk, her cheeks flushed and her eyes glazed. “Better doesn’t begin to describe it.” 



KAT'S ANAL OBSESSION

A trip in Europe leads to a lesbian fantasies and backdoor pleasure.

By K.G.D.

I've been turned-on by all manner of anal play for quite some time. However, as a "basic brunette preppy girl" from Connecticut, it was the one thing I could never admit to wanting—or even talk about. Girls like me didn't do *that*! And as a TV character once said, "no one marries the 'up the butt' girl," so it really psyched me out. And even when the occasional boyfriend would gently hint at wanting to explore back there, I would blush and demur, sometimes insisting it was gross. Turns out that the ultra-conservative guys I dated were more sexually adventurous than they let on.

During my first year of graduate school in architecture, I spent the spring in Italy—and I came home to discover that not only had my boyfriend cheated on me, but I also learned about his wild sexual escapades, which had included anal hookups with two of the girls I knew from my classes.

I needed to get away, and it wasn't just out of heartbreak. I felt a certain level of sexual humiliation, too. I wanted to step out of my prudish missionary comfort zone, but I wasn't ready to "own" that new sexual frontier, either, and I didn't necessarily want anyone back home to know.

So for my summer internship, I decided to go across the country, where I could hang out at my distant aunt's house and hopefully expand my social circle. Little did I know when I arrived that I wouldn't be her only visitor.

Renee was an exchange student from somewhere in Europe. Besides some isolated drunken kisses at an undergrad party long ago, Renee was my first real lesbian encounter, and she also was the first person to unlock both my ass and

my submissive side.

Renee had tumbling blonde hair and green eyes and the body of a forest nymph. Everything about her was long, lean, and graceful. Me? I have curves in the right places with a natural set of 34Ds—although I never properly valued my round ass until that summer.

The day we met, we decided to play some tennis, and being hopelessly naïve in the realm of girl hookups, I had no idea

"WHILE I IMPALED MYSELF ON THE RUBBER SHAFT, SHE SUCKED AND TEASED MY NIPPLES."

how Renee was checking me out on the court just waiting to make her move!

At the end of our game, we relaxed in the shade and drank some water.

"That was fun!" I said. "I haven't gotten to play in ages."

Renee had a mischievous "feline" air about her as her eyes roved over my body and met my own. "Well, it's fun to watch you bounce around."

I laughed. "Yeah—no wonder the pavement isn't cracked."

Renee shook her head and played with the end of my ponytail. "Don't talk that way. I like what I see."

I blushed and looked down, and Renee leaned in close. "Shh. Don't be

afraid."

I had to have looked like a deer in the headlights as Renee gently lifted my chin and kissed me. I admit I didn't know what to do at first, but when her nearest hand came to rest on my thigh, I felt an electric jolt striking my clit like I'd never experienced before. Her kiss, though, left me breathless—and wanting more.

"Come on," Renee stood up. "Let's go take a shower."

In a daze, I followed her back to her room and into the *en suite* bathroom. I let her undress me and watched in the bathroom mirror like it was a movie happening to someone else. "Undressing" me doesn't even do it justice, really; every inch Renee exposed, she worshiped and sent me floating higher and higher. I went weak in the knees when she sucked on my nipples, and I couldn't believe how wet I was by the time she peeled off my panties.

"Mmm," Renee sniffed and licked her way down my thick triangle of pubic hair. "I like your little forest here."

I chuckled. "Uh, sorry, I stopped shaving when my boyfriend dumped me."

"No, no—don't apologize." Renee kissed my inner thighs and looked up. "Would you mind if I shaved you—just so I can see your pretty pussy lips more?" she asked.

"Uh—OK."

Renee stood up, kissed me, and quickly undressed herself. Her pussy was totally bare, and she had naturally smaller breasts but big puffy nipples that reminded me of pink peonies against her fairer skin.

She gave me another mischievous smile and led me into the shower. We continued to kiss and explore

each other's bodies, but Renee was more or less "in charge" since it was my "first time." And before we got too "distracted," Renee got down to business: She had me assume various positions until she had carefully shaven around my inner labia. (Later on, she would torment me for hours by sucking and gently tugging on my "butterfly wings.")

When she got to my perineum with the razor, I felt a kiss on my inner thigh. "I love your ass, Kat. Can you turn around and spread your cheeks back here for me?"

I nodded and took a deep breath as I gave Renee an unfettered view of my hidden crack. She made short work of tackling the faint hairs around my anus. I felt the warm water rinsing down my puckered hole and turned my head back to find Renee looking up reverently at me.

"You have the most beautiful little rosebud." Renee planted a kiss on my nearest butt cheek.

"Oh," I chuckled shyly.

Renee reached up and touched the small of my back. "May I put my finger back there?"

I nodded. "OK."

Renee wet her middle finger in her mouth and then softly circled around the tight opening before pressing inside.

I immediately gasped and tensed as the upper part of her finger slid past the ring of muscle. It was all so alien and "naughty" that I wasn't sure what to make of it at first. But then I felt her stroking my clit with another finger.

"Do you like that?" she asked as she slid the full length of her digit into my ass.

I moaned and looked back at her, nodding.

Renee licked her lips. "Has anyone ever fucked your ass before, Kat?"

"No." I shook my head, feeling the red blush of shame spreading across my cheeks.

"Oh, no worries. I can fix that. Besides, I think it's time someone paid attention to your sweet little ass, don't you?"



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▾ TAKE HER FROM BEHIND



I just smiled; I was in no position or frame of mind to argue. My anal adventure was going to start now or never, and I'd never been so horny in my life.

Eventually, we turned off the shower, patted ourselves off, and moved our fun to Renee's bed. To this day, I place Renee's pussy-eating skills in a league of their own. Our affair taught me many tricks, too, but her quick and firm tongue is unlike any other.

She had me on the bed fully spread-eagle, her tongue dancing in and out of my soaking honey pot, alternating with her fingers on my clit. As she kept the pressure on my clit, her tongue started to drift further south. She guided me to open wider so she could lick my virgin asshole.

I giggled a little. It was a half-ticklish, half "oh my God is this happening?" kind of giggle.

Renee looked up and smirked. "Relax. This is all about you tonight."

I quivered as her tongue continued exploring my most secret "taboo" part, and gradually it seemed as if the sensations "back there" were building

up. I was soaking wet of course, but as the waves of pleasure kept coming, it seemed like there was an electric power line between my clit and my asshole.

Eventually, Renee wet her finger again and slid it inside my rosebud; and then she used her other hand to finger my pussy and tease my clit. I gripped the sheets and started to buck my hips into her fingers. It felt like I was going to rocket off the bed.

In no time, I felt both my pussy and asshole clenching down as Renee sent me spiraling toward a wet and powerful climax. I literally came so hard that I passed out. In fact, I fell into such a deep sleep that I missed dinner that night. Renee told my aunt it was just jet lag, but it was like years of sexual blockages and hang-ups leaving me all at once.

The next day, I couldn't wait to see Renee again, but her car was gone and there was no note. It's not like I didn't have things to do, but nothing could make me stop thinking about everything the day before. I had early dinner with my aunt, who then excused herself to go to a last-minute charity event. I bowed out, claiming I wanted to turn

"I STARTED TO SHAKE AND FEEL MY ANUS SPASM AROUND THE DILDO."

in early. Truth be told, if I couldn't find Renee, I needed my vibrator tonight.

I had just settled into bed when there was a knock at the door and a familiar voice. "Are you awake?"

"Come in!" I called out.

Renee slipped into my room carrying a small bag.

"Where did you go today?" I asked.

She smiled. "I had to look high and low for the right one." And with that, she pulled a realistic strap-on dildo and harness out of the bag.

Suddenly I was grinning from ear to ear: "Can we use it tonight?"

"No, I think I'm just going to frame it in the hallway," Renee teased and sat down next to me.

"Will you please fuck me?"

"Of course I will, silly." She kissed me on the cheek.

"And...fuck my ass?" I blushed a little saying it, but I knew I was ready.

"I was hoping you'd want that."

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about it."

Renee pulled me into a passionate embrace and the night quickly began to unfold. However, before she fucked me, I wanted to taste her pussy and suck on her incredible strap-on cock.

Still very much self-contained and in control, Renee guided me between her legs so I could lick her pink crease and get my first real taste of girl juice. And



then she prompted me to “open wide” and eased the toy gently down my throat.

“That’s right, Kat. Get it nice and wet. It’s gonna feel so good sliding inside your pussy first.”

I slurped on the toy and began to swallow the shaft.

“And then,” Renee continued, “we’ll lube it up and put it deep that tight little ass of yours. You wanna lose that anal virginity tonight?”

I moaned and nodded.

“Good. Now reach down and touch yourself while you suck me. I want you dripping wet.”

I loved how Renee told me what to do. This was my first brush with being consciously and enthusiastically submissive as opposed to just lying there like a doormat while some bro fucked me.

I touched myself eagerly and wiggled my hips, wanting to show Renee that I was following along. And not to toot my own horn too loudly, but if that strap-on had been a real penis, no doubt I’d have made her come—I’ve always been good at giving head to guys.

Once Renee felt satisfied, she laid down on the bed and had me mount her cowgirl-style. While I impaled myself on the rubber shaft, she sucked and teased my nipples. But we both knew what the “main event” tonight was going to be, and luckily, Renee didn’t make me beg for too long. After a little bit of warm-up pussy-fucking, she made me dismount her and assume the position I was in the night before. Once more, her tongue danced over my asshole, arousing every tiny nerve ending.

“Are you ready to let me fuck your

ass?”

“Oooh, yes, please!” I moaned.

I thought to get on all fours, but Renee swatted my behind. “No, stay on your back and put your legs up.” She nuzzled against my neck and kissed me again: “I want to see your face while you take it.”

I got into position and felt the cold lube slide down my crease and then watched as Renee thoroughly coated the shaft.

“Ready?” She asked.

“Mmm, yes.”

I felt the head of Renee’s dildo push against the tiny hole and as I felt that slight resistance; for a brief second I wondered if it would even fit. But then—then—I felt myself beginning to open wider than I’d ever opened before. Thanks to the lube, the cock passed through my tight sphincter ring with total

VARIATIONS

▾ TAKE HER FROM BEHIND

ease and began to bottom out.

According to Renee, at this point my eyes were wide and cheeks flushed bright red.

"Oh, my God," I exhaled.

Renee went slowly, easing more and more of the cock into my virgin ass. "You like that?"

I gasped and nodded. "Yes."

Renee began to gently rock back and forth, not thrusting hard but slowly

working up the momentum as I became more accustomed to the sensation of being fucked in the ass.

I continued to take deep breaths and stay relaxed, but it was only a matter of time before my hips were rocking up to meet her thrusts.

"I'm going to rub your clit while I fuck you," Renee whispered.

Just when I thought experiencing the fingers in both holes was electric, this was a whole other class of pleasure. Feeling my ass stuffed so full by the dildo seemed to intensify every sensation my clit felt.

Renee increased the pace so that the whole shaft was inside of me and the fucking was more intense. I started to shake and feel my anus spasm around the dildo, and then suddenly my pussy muscles were clenching down. Renee said I squirted a bit, too, and I experienced my first true anal orgasm. It was unlike anything I'd ever felt before, but to anyone out there who thinks it's impossible or that "up the butt" is

uncomfortable, I say: It can happen, and if you do it right, it's fucking sublime.

From then on, basically every night of the week throughout the summer, my ass was on the menu. For her part, Renee always found a different way to serve up the pleasure or push the limits. She doesn't necessarily refer to herself as a domme or mistress, but sexually, she's totally dominant. Even when we get together sometimes all these years later, letting her be in control is still the biggest thrill.

But back to my fateful summer.

Weeks after I took the plunge into anal pleasure, we went to an upscale nightclub on the coast. And as we were getting dressed, she surprised me with a gift of anal beads.

"Come here, Kat." She giggled and dangled them in front of me. "I have a present for you."

I admit, I was disappointed when she lubed me up and slid them inside very businesslike without any more play. "You made me all wet now," I pouted.

Renee laughed and gave my butt cheeks a playful spank: "Wait until we start dancing." And boy, was she right!

With every move I made that night, the sweet sensation of fullness hidden away in my tight butthole only seemed to consume me more. After only an hour, we locked eyes and made a beeline for the ladies' room. We locked ourselves in a stall and I lifted my dress. Over the noise of the music, no one would hear me moaning.

"Mmm, that's what I want to see."

Renee gave the beads a little tug so that one was half in, half out—and then she went to work tonguing my clit. I had never felt so fucking nasty or turned-on before.

The real highlight of the summer, though, was my birthday party in late July. My aunt surprised me with a really nice but low-key party at the house. One of the waiters hired for the evening was this hot surfer-dude type—the very kind of good-looking guy who could be

**"WE LOCKED
OURSELVES
IN A STALL AND
I LIFTED
MY DRESS."**



a model and/or usually ends up being gay—except he wasn't!

And, Renee, being her fearless, sexually charged self, arranged a very raunchy after-hours birthday present.

When we were alone on the terrace with no one watching, she came up to me: "Do you want him?" She whispered in my ear. "I bet he'd love to fuck you while I fuck your ass."

Still a little prudish at heart somewhere, I almost dropped my margarita; but as usual, Renee was right-on.

I will never forget my first real proper DP. Later that night, as I straddled Mr. Waiter's juicy uncut cock and felt Renee drilling my booty from behind, there was a moment where I suddenly felt like I'd finally arrived on the sexual planet everyone else was talking about. And after I had another squirting orgasm, Renee and I treated him to a double blowjob and then he took turns fucking both of our asses. My properly lubricated birthday party didn't stop until 5AM the next day.

It was a summer of many firsts, but happily these were the "firsts" of many incredible experiences that have since followed. Sex is a surprising way to hone one's confidence. For me, it worked wonders.

I freed myself from the preppy melodrama back home and moved permanently to the West Coast after graduation. And like I said before, these days Renee and I still enjoy each other's company whenever possible. In fact, we're going to meet up in Prague later on this spring—and I can't wait for her to knock at my back door all over again! No matter who else I might be seeing, my anal obsession and the woman who brought me there always comes first, and I'm promised a sizable reward if I do. Before Dianna came into my life, I used to shy away from competition and struggled with my confidence—but now? Game on! 🔑





VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

ICY HOT

I never realized there was a word to describe one of my bigger sexual proclivities, but I suppose it's fun to say at cocktail parties: psychrophilia.

However, I think that word makes a harmless thing sound kind of creepy, and it's probably easier to just say that cold temperatures are a huge turn-on. For me, cold chills equal thrills...and big orgasms!

While most people this time of year are hoping that winter will go away as quickly as possible, I'm reveling in every opportunity to enjoy the effortless shivering tingles and biting winds that are endemic to where I live, even in the springtime. On a day-to-day level, I love it when I let the dogs out in the morning and stand there with my parka unzipped, no bra, just letting the biting wind torment my nipples through my thin cotton nightshirt until it feels like they're practically going to burst!

Part of this might be because cold

is associated with some of my most memorable sexcapades, for instance: quickies with my college boyfriend at the outdoor ice rink and feeling my body exposed during all-night outdoor fuck-fests on camping trips with various boyfriends over the years.

Now, don't worry: I would never risk real frostbite or hypothermia, nor would I encourage my fellow cold-seekers out there to do so. It's more like sometimes a little pain or a sharp "ping" is exactly what sets the pleasure in motion. Now, finding someone who understands the link between those chills and my clit hasn't always been easy. But I got lucky last March when a new "neighbor" moved into the adjoining property.

You see, I live in a fairly rural area, so snowmobiles are sometimes the only vehicle that can get in and around the massive piles of snow we can get—yes, even in March. I was out with the dog again, standing there with my insulated mug and my parka wide open when I heard the noise of an approaching

snowmobile coming up the hill. The driver slowed down and came to a stop as he approached the bottom of my driveway. He waved, so I came down to meet him.

"Good morning!" A handsome guy maybe in his late thirties or early forties removed his helmet and extended his hand. "I'm Geoff, your new neighbor—or what passes as one." He had a thick head of tousled dark hair and a hint of stubble.

"Rachel," I shook hands. "Nice to meet you. I'm guessing you took over the Anderson property?"

He nodded. "I've been hunkered down doing some renovations, but hoping to at least meet people before we all get snowed in. Is it just you up here?"

I nodded; when my ex-husband took off three years ago, I got to keep our home and the acreage. "Yes—just me and the dogs."

"Oh, nice. Yeah," he paused and smoothed the hair out of his face. "I'm by myself, too. Uh, I didn't expect to be, but..." He shrugged. "Not complaining." His voice trailed off as he looked me over and smiled.

I chuckled. "Me, neither. I like it up here in the cold."

Geoff grinned. "So I have a question—actually two."

"Go on?"

"One, are you free to come around tomorrow night for some dinner? Cause I can grill just fine in the snow and have a surplus of fresh bison burgers. And two, how are your legs not freezing, lady? Is this your usual winter attire?"

Geoff's eyes roved down my body, apparently mystified by the fact that I was bare-legged in boots with only my nightshirt on underneath my down parka, which hung open. No doubt, he could see my nipples were standing firm at attention—but if only he knew I hadn't bothered with panties, either.

I laughed—and I might have deliberately reached up and run my hands through my hair, so as to give him



**“HE LEANED BACK
AGAINST THE
WALL WHILE I GOT
ON MY KNEES AND
STARTED TO GET
TO WORK.”**



even more of a bird's-eye view of my hardened buds. “To answer your second question, it's not too bad out this morning. And, uh, I don't usually stand out here too long.”

“Well, your thighs are turning a little pink,” Geoff grinned. “So don't let me detain you. But what about my first question? Can you make it for dinner?”

I shivered a little as the wind blew against my face. “I think that sounds like fun.” I could already feel the fun as the cold nipped at my bald pussy lips.

“Great, I'll swing by and pick you up. Until then...” He slipped on his helmet and gave me a cheesy thumbs-up.

I laughed. “Nice meeting you too, neighbor.” I turned and headed back for the house, almost sorry that the wind couldn't blow my parka up and flash him my ass. But I felt certain there would be plenty of time for that and more.

Luckily, Geoff was on the same page as me. We didn't even have dinner on the grill before we were all over each other.

“Mmm, Rachel, I'm not used to seeing you in real clothes,” he teased me.

I stroked Geoff's rising bulge. “Well, I'm happy to lose some of these layers.”

“I still can't believe you weren't freezing when I saw you.”

“Can I tell you something?” I figured it couldn't hurt to see how he'd react.

“Sure.”

“The cold...it turns me on, baby. I

didn't even have panties on when we met.”

“I knew you were braless, but hot damn!”

I giggled. “It's not like I want to freeze to death, but feeling that little ‘bite’ just makes everything else feel ever better.”

“So...have you done it outside?”

I nodded. “Yeah, in different ways. What about you?”

“I have. Although I never thought about the cold like you do...” His voice trailed off for a moment. “You want to try something?”

“What?”

Geoff grinned and led me toward the back door of his cabin where a small covered patio housed the grill—and a hot tub. We looked into each other's eyes—it was the first time I felt like my sexual needs were not only understood by someone, but celebrated.

Geoff wasted no time helping me undress. I have an athletic build just out of necessity up here and through genetics, so I get turned on just showing off my body. I let my clothes fall all over the cold linoleum tile kitchen floor, already feeling a little rush.

Then, once more, I stroked Geoff's bulge through his jeans. “I really want this...” I unzipped him. “I've been thinking about your cock all day.”

At those words, Geoff looked like he had just won the lottery. He leaned

back against the wall while I got on my knees and started to get to work. I love the feel of a full, thick shaft in my mouth, and Geoff's cock did not disappoint. I bobbed up and down his length, slurping and sucking so as to get it soaking wet.

Geoff groaned. “Mmm, baby—don't go too crazy just yet. We gotta go outside.”

He had a point; I helped Geoff out of the rest of his clothes—minus socks for the time being.

“You ready?”

“Hell, yeah!” I laughed.

“OK, brace yourself!” He opened the door.

Now, fair disclaimer: This was not at all the fatal kind of cold that January would bring—again, this happened in March, so to be fair, we streaked maybe five feet to climb into a 103-degree hot tub with an ambient temperature of 28F/-2C temperature around us and very gentle wind. Even though I am happily a cold freak, I still wouldn't risk this in more extreme conditions.

Anyway, the rush of streaking bare-assed naked together in the cold was a thrill I didn't expect. I felt my nipples stiff and pulsating—and my clit throbbed as the goosebumps spread up my thighs and across my ass.

I giggled with delight as I felt the steam from the tub caress my cold flesh.

Geoff stepped inside and held out his

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“THE FUSION OF HOT AND COLD HAD US BOTH GOING WILD.”

hand for me to join him. I knelt on the “bench” inside the tub and resumed my cocksucking. The fusion of hot and cold had us both going wild.

“Oh God, Rachel—let me try your warm pussy.” He stopped me. “I want to make this last.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t melt.” I giggled.

I balanced on the ledge of the tub, feeling the nipping chill on the most intimate parts of my body—and then, Geoff’s tongue. Under the water, my toes were curling, feeling the pleasure intensify. It was surreal to moan and see my breath in the air but still be mostly comfortable thanks to the smoldering hot tub. After tasting me on the ledge and bringing me to a shaking orgasm, Geoff pulled me into the warm water fully.

We kissed, but then I pouted: “But now I’m not cold anymore.”

Geoff grinned. “You will be.”

He made me stand up and lean over the side of the hot tub so my wet breasts and back were suddenly laid bare to the newly falling snowflakes around us. And then Geoff entered me from behind.

I’ve had sex in water before and it was OK, but nothing I freak out about. This, however, was mind-blowing. The contrasting of temperatures on my skin at all times hit all the right spots physically and mentally.

Geoff’s cock was so thick that I was a little overwhelmed—good thing I was so wet! My ex-husband hadn’t been that



endowed and it had been so long since I’d had sex, I felt “like a virgin” as he worked his entire length deep inside.

The wind changed and blew some snowflakes toward the hot tub; I opened my mouth and caught a few on my tongue as Geoff continued to fuck me. Finally, I felt my knees buckling as the pleasure overtook me once more.

“Oh my God!” I screamed. “I’m gonna come!”

Geoff moaned. “Come for me, Rachel! Come all over my dick!”

And I did exactly that as my pussy clenched down and sent me almost doubling over. Geoff held on to me so I kept my balance, and then he pulled out. I turned around and wobbled down on my knees again, face-fucking Geoff’s gorgeous cock until he shot his hot load all over my face. The blowing snow crystals stuck to his hot spunk and made me tingle in pleasure all over again.

That hot tub tryst was the first of many more “icy hot” encounters; and before everything melted, Geoff also obliged my fantasy of doing it in minimal clothing on top of a snow drift. Hey, I know it’s not for everyone, but if you’re feeling the winter blues, it’s hard to be “chilling down”—and warming up!

—W.T., via email

CLOSING EARLY

“You want your usual tea and lemonade?” Scott asked. He called me by name and my heart leapt. My pussy followed suit less than a beat later. I had been crushing on this man for a while. Big time.

I worked two doors down at the hair salon and, given my love of all things caffeinated, I saw and coveted Scott daily.

“Yes, please.”

I hadn’t. Not really. It was cold as balls so I wanted a salted caramel latte, but who was I to argue when a heartbreakingly handsome man calls you by name and knows your drink?

I worked two doors down and visited the café often.

I leaned against the chilly window and watched him work. Short brown hair, tattooed muscled forearms. I had a thing for forearms and Scott’s were magnificent.

I watched the snow and when he turned toward me, genius that I am, I said, “Boy, it’s really coming down out there.”

Inside, I wanted to die but I did my best to keep a stupid smile on my face. Apparently, when aroused, my brain shuts down completely.

He grinned at me and pushed his beanie back a bit. “Yes, it is. It’s why we have the place to ourselves.”

It was only then that I realized we were utterly alone. I was used to the place being a bit light on very cold evenings when it got dark earlier, but not this light.

"Everyone's afraid of snow?"

He popped out from behind the counter and started to draw the blinds down the large plate-glass windows.

"Guess so."

My heart picked up speed as I watched him.

"Closing early?"

"Closing the shades early. It'll help keep the cold out." When he passed me to get at the other window, his arm brushed my arm. I had a moment where I thought I'd swoon like some goofy movie heroine.

"Sorry," he said.

I cleared my throat. "Don't be." I sounded a bit too eager so I added, "No worries." And that just sounded dumb.

"So, do you have any interest in me flipping the sign to CLOSED?" he said nonchalantly over his shoulder.

My brain stuttered over the question. "Sorry?"

"I'd like to put the CLOSED sign up." He finally turned and faced me fully. "So we could be alone a while. I assume this is your about to go home tea? You don't have to return to work."

I licked my lips. He was so close I could see the hazel flecks in his otherwise blue eyes.

"I don't," I confirmed.

He closed the meager gap and grabbed ahold of my infinity scarf. "Okay if I kiss you?"

I nodded. I couldn't remember how to form words. He tugged the scarf and me forward and planted one on me. First, it was gentle. Then he deepened the kiss and I gasped against his mouth. How a simple kiss shot straight to my cunt, I had no idea. But it did. I found myself wet and on the verge of simply begging him to fuck me. I'd imagined it more times than I could count.

Scott wound the scarf around his fist and anchored me. He licked my lower lips and then my top lip. He teased the very tip of my tongue with his. What felt like a mild electric shock buzzed through me.

He took my hand and put it against the front of his black jeans. His cock pressed hard and long against the zipper.

"Yes, please," I said without thinking.

"Yes, please what?" he pulled back and grinned at me.

"I—" I shut my eyes and tried to breathe. I pressed my hand against his hard dick and made a desperate sound when he slid his hands beneath my blouse and cupped my tits in his chilly hands.

"Yes, please, that," I said, laughing at myself.

"What about it?" he purred.

"Give it to me." There. I'd said it.

"I like a woman who knows what she wants, whether it's unsweetened tea and lemonade or to get laid."

"I've only thought about it a thousand times."

"Ah, so I'm not alone."

His hand migrated from my breasts to my waist. He squeezed my sides and then pushed his hands down into my black slacks, squeezing my ass cheeks.

My pussy thumped eagerly. I wanted to fast-forward to him driving that big cock inside me.

"Where?" I asked. "Where can we go?"

"First..." he said. Then he finally flipped that sign to CLOSED and turned the lock on the door. He took my hand. "This way."

The café was a mom and pop kind. No big security systems. No bells and whistles. A single stable camera that was not pointed at us. He led me into the room behind the counter and dropped down onto an old green faux leather sofa. Before I could sit next to him, he popped the button on my slacks and started to tug them down. I stood there, pants around my knees, in just a pair of pale gray cotton panties.

"If you've imagined this a thousand times I assume this is okay..." As he spoke, he dragged his fingertip down



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



the front of my panties and then stroked the cleft of my pussy. The soft cotton, the press of his fingertip, the insane arousal all came together and made me shudder.

"Yes, it's good. It's fine. I mean—yes."

He chuckled, then pressed his warm mouth against the panties.

I groaned. "Scott...you're killing me."

"Oh, I'm sorry." He yanked my panties down and I found myself laughing. I kicked off my heels and then stepped free of my pants and underwear.

He seized my hips in his big hands and yanked me toward him. He pushed my stance wider with his hand and settled his mouth on my pussy. No more teasing. No more fucking around. He lapped at me, sliding his hot wet tongue along my folds before finally zeroing in on my clit. He licked me, varying his pattern and his speed so I was constantly on edge but never went over. I clutched his shoulder and begged.

"Please—"

"Please what?"

"Please, let me come—"

"If you insist." He pushed a thick finger inside my pussy and flexed it. He did it over and over while eating me. I squirmed, shifting from foot to foot and holding his shoulders like they were a lifeline.

He sucked my clit and I came with a

soft cry. I shuddered there on my feet and clung to him until it passed.

He lifted his hips and undid his jeans. He pushed them down along with his boxers. Then he patted his lap.

"Come here, pretty lady. Sit on my lap."

His cock stood up, hard and ready. I straddled him and sank down slowly, feeling his big cock stretch my pussy as I lowered myself. He put his hands on my hips and when I was almost fully seated, he thrust up from under me.

I growled at the instant pleasure of his cockhead pressing against my G-spot. "Jesus. Yes. Right there. That's perfect."

He tugged me toward him and kissed me. I kissed him back, rocking against him, gyrating on his lap so that he was as deep as I could get him.

"Fuck me," I said against his lips.

"I thought I was." He smiled and held my hips and started to move up roughly from beneath me. He pounded into me, tugging my hips down every time he drove up.

Our rhythm increased and my nipples spiked hard inside my blouse.

As if he knew, he moved one hand to shove up my sweater and bra. Baring my breasts. He sucked my nipple and when I moaned, he gave it a sharp bite.

"Christ, I'm going to come again," I said.

"Good. Come again. Because then you're going to suck my dick, pretty lady."

The dirty talk filled my head and my arousal grew. I rocked from side to side, pressing his dick to all the super-sensitive areas I needed.

I held his shoulder, moving how I needed. Rough at first, then softer, then rough again. He met me move for move, surging up from under me until I could hardly breathe and hardly think.

He bit my nipple again and my pussy clenched. He dragged his tongue in a hot line from one breast to the other and then gave that nipple the same attention, all while snarling like some man beast. His arousal was palpable and intoxicating.

He came up under me roughly again and I hissed, "Yes, that. Yes, again."

He held my hips and went to town, fucking me brutally.

I came, biting my lower lip to keep from screaming. Our strip mall was quiet. We didn't need someone to worry and call the cops.

He let go of me and I moved off him quickly. I got on my knees between his spread thighs and took his cock in my hand. I sucked him eagerly, jerking my fist up and down his length. He seemed so close, I slowed. I grinned up at him when he groaned.

"Turnabout is fair play," I said. Even as I stayed there on my knees, sucking just the top of his cock into my mouth, aftershocks of my orgasm pounded in my pussy.

I couldn't help myself. I pushed two fingers deep into my velvety cunt and curled them against my G-spot, grinding my clit against my palm.

I licked up one side of his dick, sucked his tip, and then licked down the other. I paused to lick just behind his balls and then suck them gently into my mouth.

It was his turn to squirm.

I pushed my lips slowly down his length as I fucked myself with my fingers. I was so wet it was unreal. His

**“I STOOD THERE,
PANTS AROUND
MY KNEES, IN
JUST A PAIR OF
PALE GRAY
COTTON PANTIES.”**

skin was salty and warm. He jerked up under me, filling my mouth and my throat. I inhaled sharply, gagged a little, pulled back.

“Sorry, sorry...”

I laughed. “It’s fine.” I licked the small dot of pre-come on his cockhead and watched his handsome face. He tilted his head back, surrendering to me, but only for a moment. Then he put his hand on my head and pressed until I went back to sucking him.

I drove my fingers deeper, lapping at him, drawing on him.

He kept his hand on my head, pinning me there, and moved up to fuck my mouth.

I came, my pussy rippling wetly around my fingers. I moaned and that was all it took.

Scott drove up one more time and then came. Hot, salty cum flooded my mouth and I licked my lips.

He smiled down at me. “I’ve been waiting for that for a very long time.”

“You’re not the only one.”

—A.T., Chicago, IL

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it. Send your story to: Penthouse Variations, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email to: letters@penthouse.com



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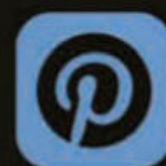
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